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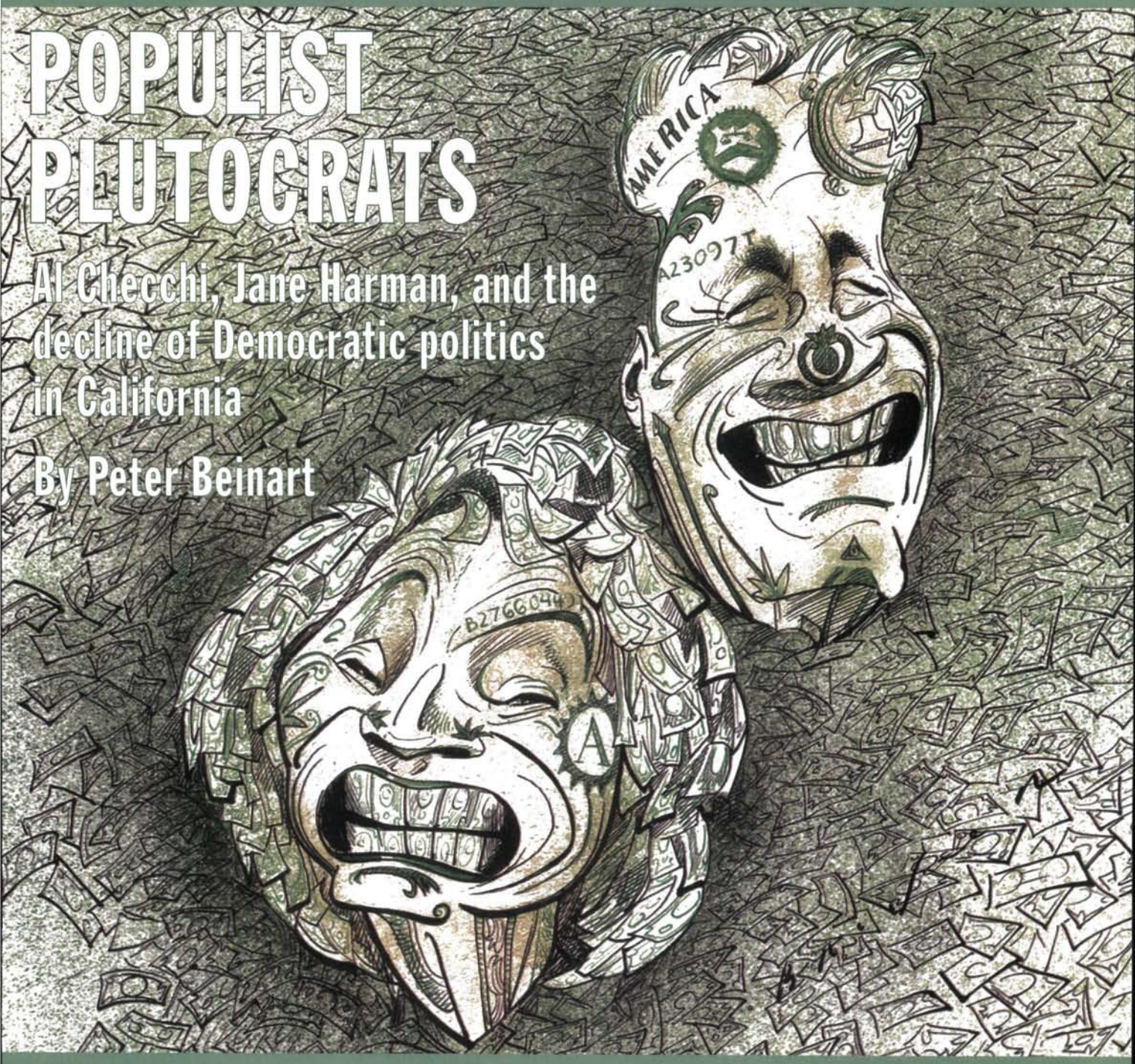

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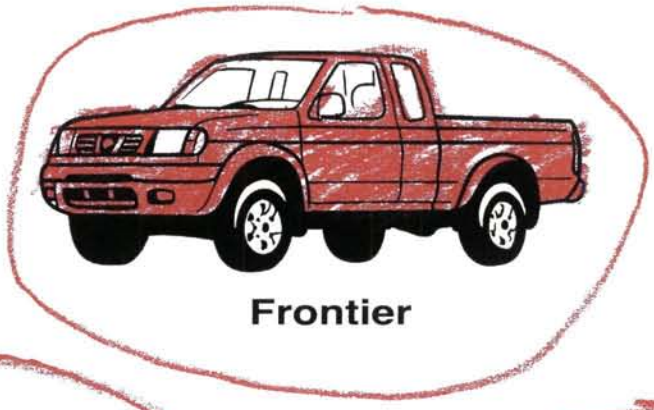

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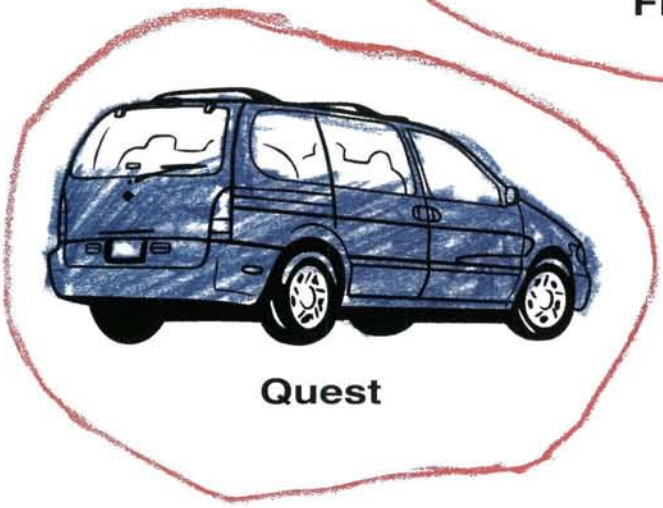

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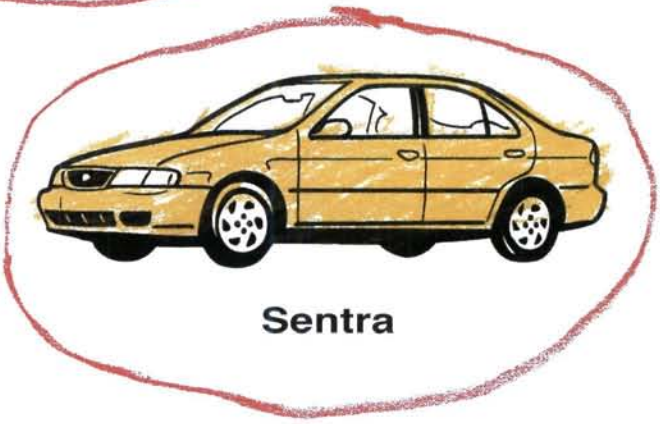

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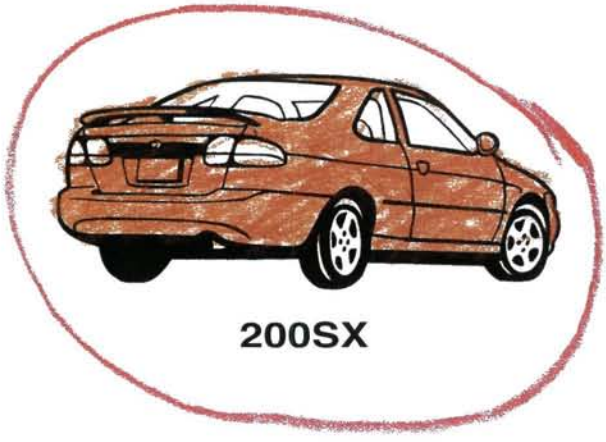

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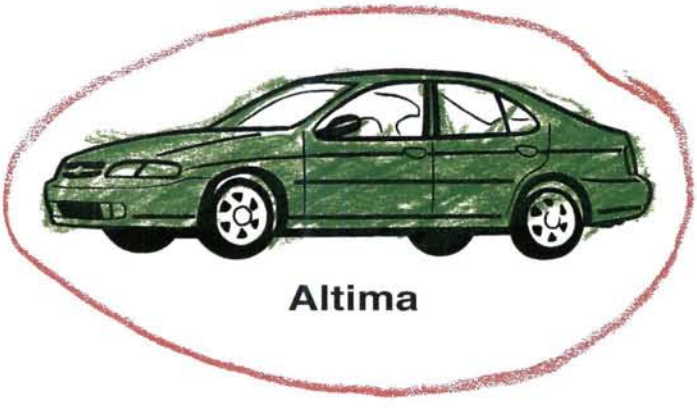

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MAY 11, 1998

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CORRESPONDENCE

Gauging Glazer

To the editors:
Nathan Glazer ("In Defense of Preference") and James Traub ("Testing Texas") argue cogently in your April 6 issue that affirmative action is the best—though far from perfect—mechanism for providing access to academic, social, and economic success to marginalized groups in the United States, especially African Americans.

However, diversity is an equally valid goal of affirmative action. Far from being the academy's currently "fashionable mantra," diversity is an essential component of education; it helps to bring the expanding spectrum of cultural and ethnic perspectives and concerns animating our society into the classroom. Implicitly or explicitly, educational institutions must always consider not just how and what we teach but to whom we teach and why.

Although our educational system must continue to value and reward merit, colleges and universities also have a responsibility to help build a better society. One important way to do this is to offer the opportunity for members of underrepresented groups to advance through education.

The national debate over preferences is far from over. No other debate goes deeper into our conscience and identity as a nation; we are a less imperfect people for confronting who we are and who we want to be.

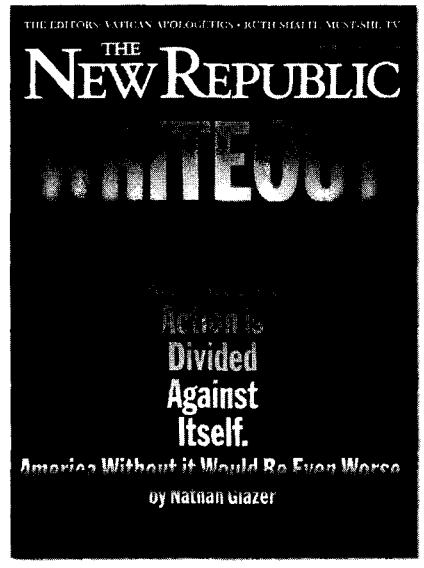
JOANNE V. CREIGHTON
President, Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Massachusetts

To the editors:
There is a simple solution to the problem discussed by Nathan Glazer: Privatize the public law schools, such as the University of Texas Law School. Supreme Court doctrine gives much greater latitude to affirmative action by private institutions. Law is a lucrative profession, and I can think of no reason why making new lawyers should be thought a state function. Most law schools, both the best and the worst, are private already, and all could be, without the sky falling. Indeed, if taxpayers want to complain about something, there are few activities about which they could complain with greater justice than the use of tax dollars to educate lawyers.

RICHARD A. POSNER
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:
On behalf of opponents of affirmative action, many thanks to Nathan Glazer. The combination of the narrow scope of his argument and his credibility as a former affirmative action opponent wonderfully illustrates the weakness of the opposition to reforms like Proposition 209.

Glazer makes as good a case as can be made for preferences for blacks in undergraduate college admissions. However, he concedes, as he must, that the argument is far weaker for other racial minorities, virtually nonexistent for white women, and inapplicable in the context of employment. Since Proposition 209 bans gender and race preferences in public employment and contracting as well as university admissions, Glazer effectively concedes that most of the measure is beyond reproach. Further, like all who favor affirmative action, Glazer speaks only of the interests of groups, not individuals. For very good reasons, however, as he well knows, the Fourteenth Amendment protects individual persons, not groups. In effect, Glazer illustrates the weakness of the moral and constitutional case for affirmative action as well as any opponent of affirmative action.



MARTIN D. CARCIERI
San Francisco, California

To the editors:
Nathan Glazer shows lamentable limits in his thinking on affirmative action. He offers only a few alternatives: meritocracy, affirmative action as we have known it, and the hope that, in time, black citizens may participate fully in the general society. He argues against the first. He ignores the strong propensity of the second to bring formal quotas and race-based standards, which today stand everywhere open to legal attack. In turn, the third remains a dream for the distant future.

How about some new alternatives? I believe that we can uphold high standards while maintaining broad opportunity for black students to qualify for our best colleges by eliminating the expectation that these students will enter college directly from high school. Instead, we should encourage them to spend one year and often two years at a community college. They then could take the SAT and perhaps one or more of the Advanced Placement tests that today are reserved for the best high school seniors. Based on such demonstrated performance, and with community college boosting both their maturity and their academic qualifications, these black students can win admission to the best universities, with no need for race-based preferences. And they will have the pride of knowing they made it on their own.

T. A. HEPPENHEIMER
Fountain Valley, California

To the editors:
Nathan Glazer apparently believes that black participation at the highest levels of American society must be assured at whatever cost to competing social values. So does the American elite. But the elite will not be obliged to pay any of the cost. They already hold positions as professors, presidents, CEOs, general secretaries, and directors. What's more, many of them gained and hold these positions in part because they support the policy of preferences.

I doubt that Professor Glazer would absolutely prefer participation to competence, or mere competence to distinction. But the consequence of his position would be to make room in the professions for people whose qualifications do not meet the highest standard. Unquestionably, cronyism and social status opened doors to the professions for less-than-sterling candidates in the past, but we do not serve the general good by substituting for those old forms of unfairness new ones in the name of compensatory social justice or the raw ideal of participation.

If only the most qualified candidates were admitted to our top-rank universities and professional schools, the dropout and failure rates would decrease considerably. These men and women would then become members of Jefferson's aristocracy of merit, and no one then could, or should, question how people came to occupy their positions.

DAVID RANKIN
Torrance, California

To the editors:
Nathan Glazer's valiant defense of racial preferences in admissions to elite uni-

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versities rests on the importance of assuring that one of our "two nations" not be excluded from "institutions that confer access to the positions of greatest prestige and power." Has there ever been any evidence of a correlation between attendance at elite colleges and subsequent success that could not be explained by adjusting for different students' ambitions and skills upon entry? I doubt it. While perception sometimes overwhelms reality, we are not at that point yet.

Let us assume, however, that Mr. Glazer is correct, and attendance at "the Harvards, the Berkeleys, and the Amhersts" is so crucial to prestige and power that reductions in black enrollments would "undermine the legitimacy of American democracy." If democracy's legitimacy depends on access to these schools, then we have a serious problem, since they enroll only a relative handful of students. Presumably, other students see their chance for influence immeasurably dimmed before adulthood. Racial concerns seem insignificant next to the crisis of democratic legitimacy this would imply.

JONATHAN RODNEY
Boston, Massachusetts

Vatican rag

To the editors:

Predictably, THE NEW REPUBLIC didn't like what the Vatican had to say in its document on the Holocaust, *We Remember: A Reflection on the Shoah* ("With Burning Anxiety," April 6). Instead of trying to recount line by line the editorial on this subject, I have just one question: Which institution, or group of people, did more to save Jews than the Catholic Church? According to Israeli diplomat and scholar Pinchas Lapide, the Vatican saved 860,000 Jews. That is why Albert Einstein, who had previously "despised" the Church (his words), exclaimed during the war, "Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth." By contrast, Einstein said, the universities and the newspapers did nothing. And now those who did nothing have the gall to point fingers at the Catholic Church!

WILLIAM A. DONOHUE
President, Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights
New York, New York

To the editors:

It is fair to criticize the recent Vatican document, *We Remember: A Reflection on the Shoah*, for not squarely acknowledging that, not just "some," but "many"—

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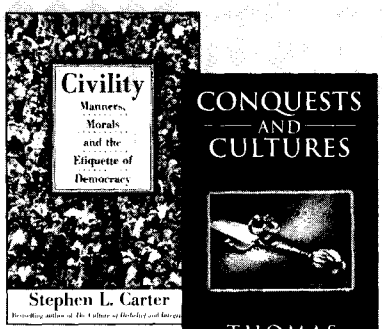
INSIGHTS. ISSUES. ANSWERS.



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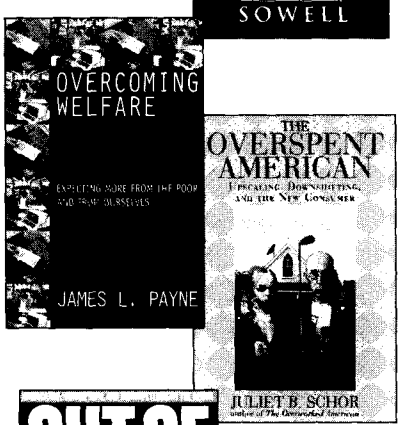

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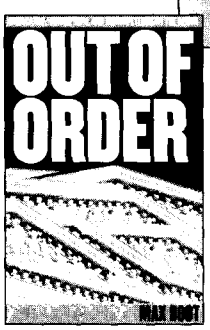

OUT OF ORDER
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Max Boot
Foreword by Robert H. Bork

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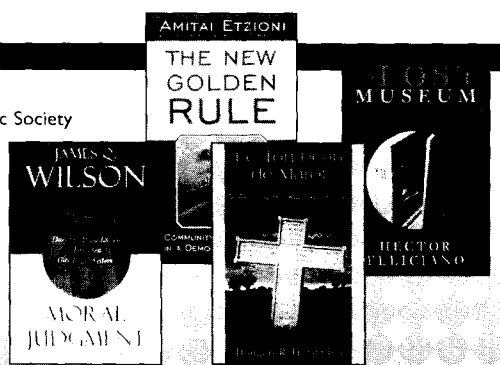

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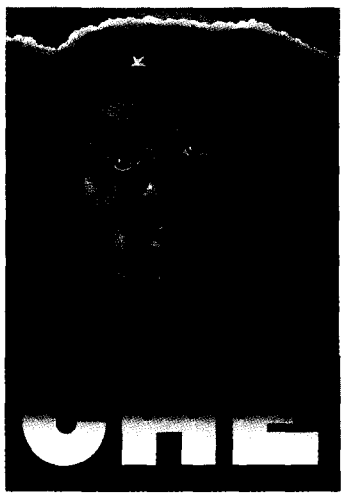

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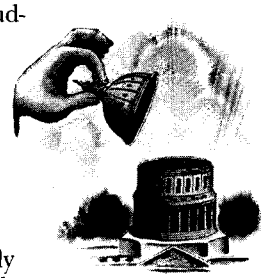
FROM WASHINGTON

Gone to Pot

Pol Pot is dead. But his ideology and his methods live on in North Korea, where 23 million people live under the world's last Stalinist regime, and where famine and disease are spreading, as famine and disease always do under Stalinism. The South Korean Buddhist Sharing Movement has interviewed some 605 North Koreans who recently crossed into China from famine-stricken regions. The refugees report a death rate from starvation and disease of 29 percent among the family members and villagers they know. Extrapolating, the Sharing Movement guesstimates that some three million North Koreans have died from this famine in the last three years. While knowledgeable South Korean officials say, plausibly, that the number can't be that high, the first refugees who escaped from Pol Pot's Democratic Kampuchea were also greeted incredulously. So perhaps it's best to keep an open mind.



Shortly before Pol Pot died, President Clinton had reportedly issued the equivalent of an international arrest warrant for him. At last, there was to be accountability for the Cambodian genocide. But who will make North Korea's "Dear Leader," Kim Jong Il, answer for the horrors wrought by the regime he inherited from his equally cruel father, "Great Leader" Kim Il Sung? No one. Indeed, this question has not even occurred to the Clinton administration. For all the rhetoric about bringing Pol Pot to justice for the mass murder of two decades ago, the administration has been circumspect about the systematic brutality in today's North Korea. Rather, the administration does business—lately, a lot of business—with Pyongyang. And it is doing so for the same reason previous American governments helped Pol Pot escape punishment during the 18 years between the Vietnamese invasion that overthrew him and the collapse of his Khmer Rouge guerrilla force last year: geopolitics.

It was the need to check the Soviets that made it expedient for the U.S. and China to leave Pol Pot alone—or even, at times, to support him—for most of the time he was out of power. To show disapproval of the Soviets and their Vietnamese clients, the U.S. made sure that the United Nations continued to recognize the Khmer Rouge as the legitimate government of Cambodia. Chinese aid flowed to the Khmer Rouge guerrilla army. "I encouraged China to support Pol Pot," Jimmy Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, recently told the journalist Elizabeth Becker. "The question was how to help the Cambodian people. Pol Pot was an abomination. We could never support him, but China could." The policy Carter began persisted under Reagan and Bush.

So what's the post-cold-war rationale for "engaging" Kim Jong Il? In part, the administration is deferring to North Korea's neighbors. Freedom for North Korea could only come in the context of Korean reunification, but Japan, Korea's historical enemy, prefers Korea to remain divided. For its part, China has a long history of support for the North and fears a strong, democratic U.S. ally on its border. South Korea wants reunification on its terms—i.e, free markets and democracy—but fears a hasty, uncontrolled collapse in the North that could cost billions of dollars Seoul doesn't have.

And what is the United States' own interest in appeasement? The U.S., with 30,000 troops in South Korea, is worried about the North's nuclear weapons development, which is why it cut a deal with Kim four years ago. As a result, the U.S. is now orchestrating the Japanese- and South Korean-financed construction of a $5.1 billion nuclear power station in North Korea—the North's price for promising to give up its bomb-making plant. In October 1994, President Clinton wrote a respectful letter to Kim Jong Il, politely pledging to "use the full powers of my office" to get him this nuke.

Few people realize it, but North Korea is now the seventh largest recipient of U.S. humanitarian aid in the world. Last year, the amount of U.S. food and medical aid to North Korea was $52.4 million. The U.S. has also facilitated the shipment of $156 million worth of fuel to the North. *The Washington Post* reports that Kim's government

continued on page 53

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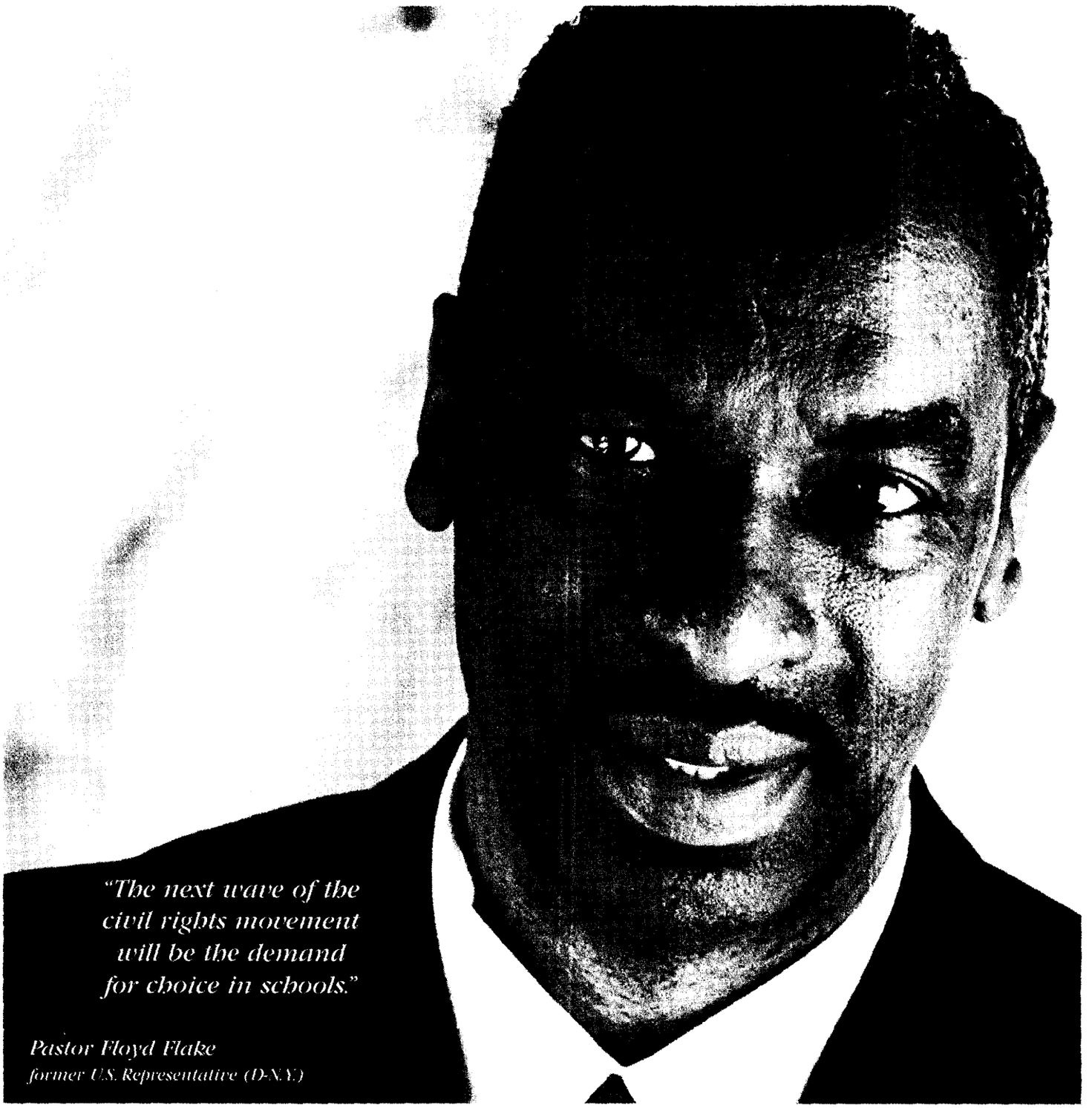
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MAY 11, 1998

TRADING UP

Bill Clinton's visit to Africa was long on mea culpas for America's sins against the beleaguered continent—real and otherwise—and short on substance. But, in between his apology for slavery and his offer of a small donation for survivors of the Rwandan genocide (which the United States did not do much to stop), the president did make one sound and serious proposal: the African Growth and Opportunity Act, an administration-backed bill that would make amends for America's sin of not having a trade policy for Africa.

Yet the bill's harshest critics are Africa's self-proclaimed supporters within the U.S. "We must not replace European colonialism that long burdened Africa with a new colonialism of servitude to external corporate interests," TransAfrica's Randall Robinson and Public Citizen's Ralph Nader declared in a *Los Angeles Times* op-ed. "This is not the first trade policy with Africa," Illinois Representative Jesse Jackson Jr. added, embroidering Nader and Robinson's allusion to colonialism with an even uglier and more spurious one. "The first African trade policy was initiated in 1619 and involved African kings and potentates selling other Africans to white-owned shipping companies." Jackson was one of twelve members of the Congressional Black Caucus who voted against the bill when it passed the House in March. Opponents are gearing up to defeat the bill when the Senate considers it later this year.

So what is it about the African Growth and Opportunity Act that could possibly provoke these analogies between Bill Clinton and Cecil Rhodes? The criticism stems from the fact that the bill represents America's first real attempt to extend its "trade not aid" policy for dealing with the developing world—a policy that has worked rather well in Latin America—to Africa. Although the bill does not actually decrease U.S. aid to Africa (in fact, Clinton has called for a $100 million *increase* in aid this year), it does initiate the process of changing America's relationship with Africa from governmental sponsorship to market-based partnership.

The bill would expand preferential-tariff treatment for sub-Saharan African countries, and, in exchange for market and democratic reforms, the U.S. would lift its import duties on apparel and textiles. The bill would also provide $650 million in Overseas Private Investment Corporation loan guarantees for private sector and infrastructure investment. Finally, the bill would create a position in the office of the U.S. trade representative to focus on Africa issues, and it would begin the process of creating a U.S.-sub-Saharan Africa free-trade zone.

All of this, of course, is fairly modest—hardly an African NAFTA. At the moment, only a handful of the region's 48 countries are far along enough in the areas of human rights and free-market reforms to qualify for any of the programs the bill would initiate, much less advanced enough industrially to conduct much trade with the U.S. (The main exceptions are South Africa and oil-rich Nigeria.) Only Kenya and tiny Mauritius even export enough apparel and textiles to need relief from the U.S. import quotas that the bill would eliminate. The garment and textile industries claim that the bill would put American workers at risk. But the U.S. International Trade Commission has concluded that, even if textile and apparel imports from Africa triple over the next ten years, 676 American jobs, at most, would be lost.

The bill's importance lies in the fact that it would help to spur the long-overdue and inescapably arduous process of ending Africa's outcast status and bringing it into the global economy. While other developing nations have made great economic strides over the past 30 years, those in sub-Saharan Africa have staggered backward. In 1965, the average African received an income equal to 14 percent of that received by the average person in the Western industrialized world. The average Asian's income was equal to 18 percent of the average Westerner's. By 1995, however, the average African's income had actually shrunk to seven percent of the average Western person's, while the average Asian's had risen to 68 percent. Similarly, in 1996, direct foreign investment in sub-Saharan Africa accounted for only 2.4 percent of investment in all developing countries, and exports from Africa made up only six percent of all exports from developing nations.

If Africa's self-anointed protectors in Washington are saying anything coherent, it is that trade between the U.S. and Africa should await the day when African wages reach levels nearer to those of the United States. This is, of course, just a variant of the Nader-Jackson case against NAFTA. And the response to it is the same: Would the average African be better off unemployed, or working for an American company that pays a few dollars a day? It would be nice if those weren't the only realistic options, but they are. There is simply no way out of Africa's current economic plight that does not

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involve belt-tightening and sacrifice in the short run. The sooner the continent gets started, the less painful the reconstruction process will ultimately be.

Perhaps some Africans will refuse the deal the Clinton administration is offering them. But they should be allowed to decide for themselves. At least that seems to be what the Africans think. In a letter to Randall Robinson, urging him to drop his opposition to the bill, Roble Olhaye, Djibouti's ambassador to the U.S., wrote: "The legislation is drafted in such a way so as to allow African countries themselves to determine what should be the proper balance between foreign corporations and indigenous African economic interests." Jesse Jackson Jr. asks: "Why should we trust the people who discriminate against us and disparage affirmative action at home to be respectful to African workers?" African leaders answer: "What do you mean 'We'?" •

A POET PASSES

The words of Octavio Paz, who died on April 20 at 84, have graced the pages of this journal on numerous occasions in recent years. They were always wonderfully arranged; even his prose (even his Spanish prose translated into English!) had a music to it. And, whether Paz was discussing poetry or politics, his words were also always wise. Some of them seem particularly appropriate to recall at a moment when the world is also taking note, in a rather different mood, of the passing of Pol Pot. "Revolution begins as a promise," Paz wrote in 1989, "is squandered in violent agitation, and freezes into bloody dictatorships that are the negation of the fiery impulse that brought it into being. In all revolutionary movements, the sacred time of myth is transformed inexorably into the profane time of history."

This is, of course, one of the central political lessons of the twentieth century, and it would be hard to find a more exact or more economical expression of it anywhere. Paz was writing just as the dictatorships of the Soviet bloc were crumbling; perhaps even more relevantly for Paz himself, his words were written just as Central America's Marxist guerrillas were preparing their last furious attempts to seize power by blood and fire. Paz's sober politics were a function of his essentially poetical sensibility—a sensibility that sought to comprehend those aspects of human experience that are not merely useful but eternal. But his political ideas were also the fruit of a long and richly experienced life whose turning points included a first-hand encounter with the tragic defeat and misguided enthusiasms of Republican Spain, as well as the 1968 massacre of students by Mexico's own corrupt "revolutionary" government. In these crucibles, Paz forged for himself an appreciation of the parallelism between the right-wing and left-wing manifestations of the authoritarian impulse. It was a powerful insight that would never desert him. This insight was the wellspring of truth from which flowed so much of what he had to say about the condition of Latin America and of his beloved Mexico.

"Democratic liberalism is a civilized mode of living together," Octavio Paz wrote. "In my opinion it is the best of all that political philosophy has conceived." It is a measure of Latin America's political malaise that this was, for much of Paz's life, a minority opinion among the writers and intellectuals of his part of the world. Paz understood, as they did not, that "the poetic word has simultaneously been prophecy of, anathema to, and elegy for, modern revolutions." It could never be revolution's servant. It is thus also a measure of North America's misreading of Latin America's political culture that the Latin writers who disagreed with Paz—Gabriel García Márquez, Carlos Fuentes, Julio Cortázar—were the ones most effusively celebrated by the cultural and political elites of New York, Hollywood, and Washington.

Paz, by contrast, paid a price for adhering to his truth. He was cruelly criticized and, at times, ostracized; the Nobel laureate who has just been mourned as a national hero in Mexico City was once burned in effigy outside the American Embassy there for the sin of calling on the Sandinistas to hold free elections in Nicaragua. Luckier than many, he lived long enough to enjoy vindication. As Paz taught, this century has been specially cursed by the ugly idea that the end justifies the means. But the century has also been redeemed by the decent presence of independent thinkers. Amid so much political and artistic darkness, the intellectually honest stood out like stars. And Octavio Paz was one of the brightest. •

NOTEBOOK

A KINDER CUT: The most complicated elements of last year's tax cuts were the special new breaks for capital gains. As every mutual-fund investor knows, filing capital gains taxes has become a nightmarish jumble of holding periods and multiple rates. The reason for this confusion is, however, not complex: The congressional Republicans who designed the tax cut wanted to make sure that the lion's share of the break went to the highest income bracket. One way they did that was to lower the top tax rate on capital gains income to 20 percent. For taxpayers in the highest bracket—where the income tax rate is 39.6 percent—this means a top marginal tax rate on capital gains income that is only half what they must pay on all other income. But for taxpayers who make less money—and thus fall into the 28 percent or 15 percent brackets—a 20 percent rate on capital gains is worth little or nothing extra. So William Coyne, a Pennsylvania Democrat, has introduced a bill to throw out the whole patchwork of capital gains breaks and replace it with a simple 40 percent exclusion on capital gains income. This would cost no more revenue than the current collection of capital

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gains breaks; it would be far simpler; and it would distribute the break somewhat more equitably. Instead of some people getting a 50 percent capital gains break while others get nothing, everybody with capital gains could take 40 percent off what they would otherwise pay. (Of course, we would prefer *no* special breaks for capital gains, but Coyne's proposal still beats the status quo.) Most elegantly, this bill forces the flat tax advocates to choose between simplicity—which, they say, is their highest goal—and protecting the most affluent taxpayers—which they deny is one of their goals at all. So, Dick Armey, which is it going to be?

UNSCOM WATCH, IV: Much has been accomplished since the showdown between the United States and Iraq that led ultimately to the resumption of United Nations weapons inspections of Iraq. Unfortunately, the accomplishments are Saddam Hussein's. His presidential palaces, it is now confirmed by lead inspector Charles Duelfer, were indeed subjected to an "extensive evacuation" while the Clinton administration dithered about what to do. Emboldened by Saddam's successful challenge to the U.S.—and seemingly unaffected by the "new spirit of cooperation" that chief weapons inspector Richard Butler says he's detected since Kofi Annan's visit to Baghdad—Deputy Prime Minister Tariq Aziz has resumed calling UNSCOM "mercenaries" of the U.S. and Britain. He has also launched a renewed campaign at the U.N. to get sanctions lifted. This is basically a propaganda exercise, since the U.N.'s food-for-oil exception to the sanctions has been extended to the point where Iraq is now permitted to sell more than twice as much oil as it was selling before the standoff. But that didn't stop *The Washington Post* from giving Aziz's effort some unsolicited assistance. The occasion was a front-page story on April 21 by Doug Struck, reporting from Karbala, a city in southern Iraq that was the scene of a fierce 1991 rebellion by Shiite Muslims—and an even fiercer government counterattack. After recounting the barbaric repression by Saddam's forces, Struck launched into an equally emotional account of how today's woes in Karbala are the fault of the U.N. sanctions. "Mortality is high. The weak perish," the reporter intoned, taking the reader on the obligatory tour of the local pediatric ward, where he was told that sanctions were threatening the lives of the malnourished babies he saw. Struck got so carried away that he even reported an event that hadn't happened yet and, for all anyone knows, never will happen: "The old woman begging in the street will catch an infection and die." Struck concluded: "These casualties do not threaten the Iraqi leader's rule. On the contrary, these deaths are propaganda windfalls, used by Iraq to graphically illustrate what they [sic] portray as the evils of sanctions, which, indeed, kill the weakest and most vulnerable." But how can these deaths be used propagandistically by Iraq unless Western journalists themselves write about them in propagandistic terms? On that question Struck's piece was eloquently silent. •

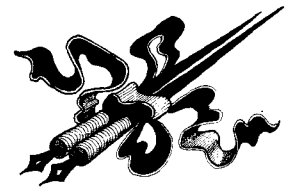
THE HARD QUESTIONS

ENROLL ON

By Nathan Glazer

This year, New York's irrepressible mayor, Rudolph Giuliani, has added to his agenda not only improving civility in the Big Apple but getting rid of "open enrollment" in the huge City University of New York. CUNY is a behemoth of some 200,000 students; it encompasses such well-known four-year colleges as City College, Hunter, Queens, and Baruch as well as a Graduate Center and an array of community colleges. Once distinguished, today CUNY is routinely criticized for low standards and low rates of graduation and for spending too much on remedial courses.

In his state of the city address last January, Mayor Giuliani devoted a substantial portion of his remarks to CUNY's failures. He reported that only 32 percent of all incoming freshmen at the four-year colleges in the CUNY system are able to pass the remedial tests in math, reading, and writing. Only 14 percent of those entering the community colleges pass these tests, and the four-year graduation rate is nine percent at the four-year colleges, while the two-year graduation rate is only one percent at the community colleges. The Mayor's conclusion: "Open enrollment is a mistake. It should be changed." He proposed a rigorous entrance examination and the radical reduction or elimination of remedial courses from the senior colleges and possibly the community colleges, too.



Giuliani's statistics will undoubtedly shock you, just as they shocked the citizens of New York, tens of thousands of whom graduated from the city colleges before open enrollment began in 1970—that is, back when graduation in four years was still something of a norm. Nevertheless, this shock is mainly a reflection of New York City parochialism; it is one part nostalgia for the glorious days of the past, when it was an honor to get into City or Hunter College, and one part ignorance of what college education in our great urban centers is like these days. Open enrollment has become a shibboleth—get rid of it, the theory goes, and the pre-1970 days will return.

The fact is open enrollment only brought City College in line with what had become pretty well established as the norm throughout the country: namely that high school graduation is the prerequisite to community college entry; not much more than that is generally necessary to enter four-year public institutions. The great model of the day was the higher education system

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of California, in which one-eighth of graduating seniors could enter the campuses of the prestigious University of California, the top half of graduating seniors were eligible for the state colleges, and anyone could enter the community colleges.

It was nonetheless a bombshell in New York City when, in the wake of a minority student protest that closed the City College campus, the chancellor of the university and the trustees of CUNY advanced the date for open enrollment for CUNY from 1975 to 1970. The plan was for the senior colleges to be open to the top half of graduating seniors and for the community colleges to be open to all. The aim, of course, was to increase the number of black and Puerto Rican students, few of whom qualified under the selective pre-1970 standards.

Under the first few years of open enrollment—which is one of the best-studied developments in American higher education owing to the research of David Lavin, Richard Alba, Jerome Karabel, and other scholars—things actually worked out quite well. It was a revolution to be sure—in one year the number of entering freshmen rose from 17,645 to 31,596, and by 1975 it was up to 36,606. But, strangely enough, the greatest beneficiaries of open enrollment were not blacks and Puerto Ricans, though their numbers did rise. Rather, the real winners were white ethnics—particularly Catholics who had not been able to earn admission to the senior colleges before 1970.

This was surprising enough, and required the institution of remedial courses, which are common in most American colleges. Indeed, community college itself is basically a remedial institution on the one hand and a training school for those who cannot go on to higher education on the other. And graduation rates did decline, but not much more than at other public institutions.

The real upheaval at CUNY, then, was not due to the beginning of open enrollment in 1970 but to the financial crisis that gripped New York in 1975. One of its consequences was the imposition of tuition for the first time at the city's theretofore free colleges. Another was to raise the standards for entry into the senior colleges from graduating in the top half of one's class to graduating in the top third. One would think this modest step toward greater selectivity should have improved the situation. It did not do so in the slightest. In the wake of these changes, the number of entering freshmen fell from 37,000 to 26,000, but their quality also surprisingly declined.

What happened? David Lavin and David Hyllegard have studied the impact of these changes in their book *Changing the Odds: Open Admissions and the Life Chances of the Disadvantaged.* They document that the tuition charges did not drive out poor students, as one might expect. Rather, the number of better-off and white students declined; they went to Catholic colleges and the campuses of the state university, which seemed to have become more competitive with CUNY. Thus, whereas the percentage of white students was 82 percent in 1970, it dropped to 40 percent by 1980. The students who entered CUNY were increasingly minorities from poor backgrounds. This was partly because the city itself was also becoming less and less white. And the impact of the tuition hikes on the poorer students was offset to some extent by state and federal aid. In 1970 the entering class had less than five percent of students from families with incomes under $5,000; by 1980 that percentage had increased to 36 percent.

Notwithstanding the tighter admissions standards that accompanied the tuition hike, these low-income students demonstrated lower and lower levels of academic achievement. The number entering CUNY with GEDs increased dramatically. However, the cause of this problem was not CUNY's open-admissions system, but the debilitating deterioration in the quality of the public high schools that were preparing students for CUNY.

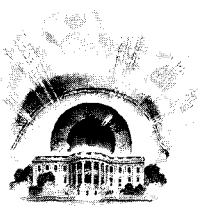
One example will suffice: In the 1940s, the high school I attended in the East Bronx, one of the poorest sections of the city, then as now, used to graduate 500 students a year with Regents, or academic, diplomas, who went on to attend city colleges. A few years ago, a story in *The New York Times* reported that the school had graduated only three students with Regents diplomas out of a graduating class of 190. Harvard snapped up one. Very likely the other two didn't go to CUNY colleges either. Neither eliminating open admissions, nor scaling back CUNY's already desperately tight budget for remedial education, would have changed that. •

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

MORRIS MANIA

By Dana Milbank

Subscribers to the Hillary Clinton theory of vast right-wing conspiracies have some disturbing new evidence to ponder: Dick Morris, Clinton's former confidant, has joined forces with Rupert Murdoch's media empire. The disgraced political adviser, remaking himself as a pundit, has just been given a weekly column in Murdoch's *New York Post.* He has begun a regular gig as a commentator on Murdoch's Fox News Channel. And he's contributed recently to Murdoch's opinion magazine, *The Weekly Standard.* So what are we to make of this Morris trifecta for the conservative publisher? "Coincidence," says Morris.



Or is it something more?

The White House thinks so. Clinton's defenders, on and off the payroll, are both irked by Morris's newfound stature and fearful that he may use it to embarrass the president, or worse. Morris knows the presidential dark

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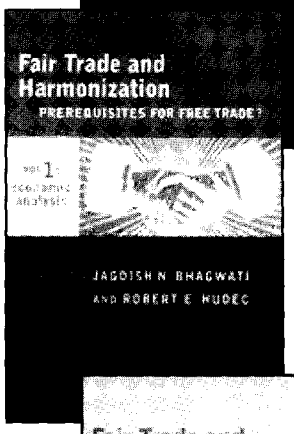
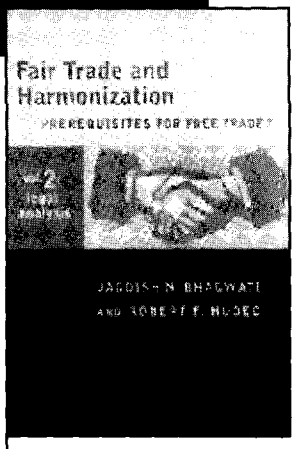
FAIR TRADE AND HARMONIZATION





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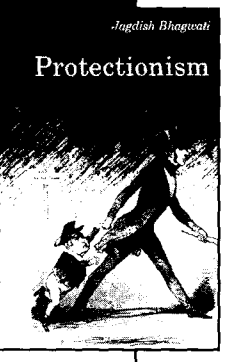

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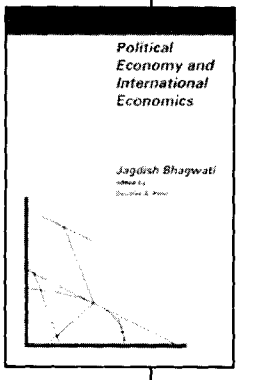

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side, and now he has a respectable platform from which to disclose the details, if he wishes. "In a twenty-year relationship with someone, you often have moments with them when you see them with their guard down," Morris says, mysteriously.

Disgrace has been good to Dick Morris. The remade sex addict has sworn off American political consulting forever, he says, the better to enhance his credibility as a neutral observer in his new profession. "I'm going through a transition from working behind the scenes to becoming a commentator," says Morris, who is as surprised as anybody to find that it's actually working. "Until recently, a lot of media organizations thought I was radioactive because of the scandal," he says, referring, of course, to that unfortunate incident with a prostitute in the Jefferson Hotel that exploded during the 1996 Democratic convention. "I finally got some takers. I'm glad to see my half-life is coming along nicely."

I caught up with Morris in his twelfth-floor apartment in New York overlooking Lincoln Center. The place is flamboyantly Morris. Purple sofas, purple pillows, purple blanket, purple paintings, purple flowers, purple flowerpot, purple candlesticks, purple curtains in the bedroom; the only relief from the purple, in fact, comes from the walls—which are lime green. "Let me wash the makeup off," he says as I enter, letting it slip that he's just returned from the Fox studio. He hands me his column, complete with photo-byline, from the previous day's *New York Post*. In the middle of our interview, his beeper goes off. It's ABC Radio, and Morris proceeds to do a quick phoner as I listen. "I have a lot of comments on Paula," he tells the producer. At another point in the interview, the telephone rings in his purple pad. "Have the Fox car pick me up at eight-thirty, eight-forty," Morris says into the receiver. He hangs up the phone. "I'll be on from nine to ten tonight," he says. "This will be my third today."

Clinton loyalists are hoping to discredit Morris, lest his new perch become a pulpit. They've been saying he's desperate for work and out of money (which Morris denies). They've been saying that Random House, stung by the failure of Morris's book, for which he received $2.5 million, rejected a new book idea of his (which Morris doesn't deny). They've been saying he's been shopping his services to numerous media outlets with no nibbles until now (which Morris confirms). And they've been saying that Morris, after dabbling in therapy and flirting with Jesus, is off his rocker and selling himself to the conservatives. "I don't comment on my religious life and my therapeutic life," says Morris, who, it can be said, attended a seder this year.

Judging from Morris's pronouncements prior to his Fox and *New York Post* triumphs, the White House has plenty to fear. There was, of course, his Los Angeles talk-show remark early in Bimbroglio implying that Hillary Clinton was a lesbian. Mike McCurry said Morris was "part of some other planetary system"; Morris retracted. More seriously, Morris wrote in March in *The Hill*, a Capitol Hill weekly, that "Bill Clinton has Terry Lenzner, Jack Palladino, and a rag-tag band of private eyes acting as secret police, without public accountability" and possibly with federal campaign funds. "If ever a subject cried out for a congressional investigation, this one does." That sparked an article in—where else?—the *New York Post*. Representative Dan Burton's committee is looking into the charge. Morris says he's meeting this week with the committee's chief investigative counsel, Barbara Comstock. And that's not all: Jim Guy Tucker's plea bargain "may constitute a deadly threat to the Clinton presidency," Morris wrote in February, and, in March, "the president's out to lunch."

DICK MORRIS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Betrayal, howl the Clintonites. "Some people are maladjusted. Some people are misunderstood. Dick is evil," says a typical administration official. Democratic consultant Victor Kamber, who had a televised tiff with Morris, finds it "repugnant" that Morris, who made $1.5 million from Clinton's 1996 campaign, is selling the president's secrets to boost his new career. "Nobody's going to hire him to do a show on toe sucking. They're going to hire him because they want to know who else is sucking toes," Kamber says. And James Carville is, it hardly needs saying, fuming. "When he lies, you could give him a lie-detector test, and he'd pass it," Carville says. "He doesn't know the difference between a lie and the truth. It's not a consideration." For the White House, the problem is that anything Morris says—fact, fiction, or conjecture—will be believed simply because he knows the president so well. Some believe Morris is sending signals that he's now willing to dump a whole mess of embarrassing Clinton stories that didn't find their way into his book, *Behind the Oval Office*. "He can absolutely hurt Clinton if he wanted to," Kamber says. "When he says he's worked

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for him for twenty years, he has some credibility, so when he starts dumping stuff out, people listen."

White House officials are stung by the trend of administration insiders becoming Clinton critics on the airwaves: first David Gergen, then George Stephanopoulos, and now this. But Morris has a unique ability to get under the skin of Clinton aides. When he worked for the president, they hated and feared him because he was so close to Clinton. Now they hate and fear him because he's estranged from Clinton. But, if Clinton loyalists want to discredit their nemesis, they've met their match in Morris, who can smear with the best of them. The whole spat is like a political version of the old *Mad* magazine series "Spy vs. Spy." "There's a creeping Nixonian atmosphere around there," Morris says. "There are many on the White House staff auditioning for roles of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Colson. I'm less afraid of *Primary Colors* being the movie of this administration than *All the President's Men.*" His critics, he says, are motivated only by envy. "They're concerned I'm getting stature," he says. "They all have tread marks on their backs from me. There's always been a tremendous amount of jealousy of my relationship with Clinton. They can dress it up, but it's always been that." Clinton himself, Morris says, probably doesn't see his old adviser as a traitor.

Morris's plans for punditry have been a long time in the making. He says he was talking with *Time* and *USA Today* about doing a column for them even before his humiliation in 1996. But his dalliance with Sherry Rowlands ended all that. He tried out as a syndicated talk-show host in Tampa last year, but that didn't work. Nor did his approaches to CNN and various others. There have been reports that he had been getting sex counseling and studying Christian texts with Armstrong Williams, a conservative talk-show host. *The Weekly Standard* last year wrote that Williams thought Morris, a Jew, "may be on his way to becoming an evangelical Christian." But now Morris is a new man, relishing his visibility and no longer speaking of sex and God. He sees himself flourishing in the style of Tim Russert or Jeff Greenfield. "I hope to expand my reach after a while," he says. "I'm sort of at the entry level of the career ladder at this point."

Morris insists he's not in Murdoch's pocket, though, he says, "it might be that Murdoch is kind of hungry and anxious to build up his network." He aims to be the voice of moderation; he tries to make 50 percent of his Clinton comments favorable and 50 percent unfavorable. Morris says he's got plenty of damaging Clinton stuff he could dump—embarrassing, not impeachable, he adds—but doesn't plan to do so. To prove his neutrality, he will only take payments from foreign politicians for his advice now. "Once you move into objective commentary, you can't go back," Morris says. In truth, the White House needn't worry about his becoming a puppet of Murdoch or of anyone else. For the first time, Morris is freely and openly serving the same client for whom he had quietly been working all along. Himself. •

Reflections on Israel at 50.

"My Nation Lives"

By Yehuda Amichai

When I was young the whole country was young. And my father
was everyone's father. When I was happy the country
was happy too, and when I jumped on her she jumped
under me. The grass that covered her in spring
softened me too, and the dry earth of summer hurt me
like my own cracked footsoles.
When I first fell in love, they proclaimed
her independence, and when my hair
fluttered in the breeze, so did her flags.
When I fought in the war, she fought, and when I got up
she got up too, and when I sank
she began to sink with me.

Now I'm beginning to come apart from all that:
like something that is glued after the glue dries out,
I'm getting detached and curling into myself.

The other day I saw a clarinet player in the Police Band
that was playing at David's Citadel.
His hair was white and his face calm: a face
of 1946, the one and only year
between famous and terrible years
when nothing happened except for a great hope and his music
and my loving a girl in a quiet room in Jerusalem.
I hadn't seen him since then, but the hope for a better world
never left his face.

(Translated by Chanah Bloch)

I wrote that poem about 20 years ago, in a moment of retrospection. I belong to the generation that spent its childhood in the land of Israel before the state of Israel, in the years before World War II. Thus, we grew up with the state; its life and ours were the same. When I wrote in that poem that I was "detached and curling into myself," I was not speaking of real detachment but rather of introspection and existential meditation. Before 1939, there were only half a million Jews in this land, an almost united bloc of shared destiny. We experienced in 60 years what the United States experienced in 200 years, and we are still active and engaged and vocal.

I was not typical of my generation. I was born in 1924 in Germany. My family was Orthodox and very enlightened. I learned Hebrew in kindergarten and in my first years at a Jewish school. I spent a happy childhood surrounded by German forests and fields and rivers, but my Jewish identity was the dominant one. Mount Sinai was a steep hill there, in the landscape of my boyhood, and the Valley of Elah, where David and Goliath fought, was the green valley between forest-covered hills on the banks of a river. Years later, in the early 1950s, my reserve unit was on maneuvers in the real Valley of

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Elah, and the circle closed: That dry valley on the border of the Judean Hills merged in my heart with the green valley of my early days.

In other ways, too, I was not typical of my generation. My grandparents were rural Jews in southern Germany. They owned land and farms and cow sheds. They were strictly observant, but otherwise they lived like the local peasants. Between 1934 and 1936, my entire clan—seven large families—emigrated to Israel. I can still remember pioneers dancing on the deck of the ship all night. I grew up with my grandmother and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins. None of our tribe perished in the Holocaust: this, too, was remarkably unlike many people of my generation who were born in Israel and never got to know large portions of their families.

Looking back, though, I feel that there were no typical members, or typical family histories, in my generation. None of us matched up to the way we were described. Still, we had powerful and decisive things in common: the settlement of the land, the Haganah, the British Army, the Palmach, the smuggling of immigrants and weapons, the underground movements. All these things molded us into a single group of new Jews. Even the Hebraization of our last names was typical. In 1946, I paid two shillings and changed my name to Amichai, or "my nation lives!" This name, which is not a translation of my previous name, attests to the feeling of common fate, and to the prevailing mood, which blended Zionism and socialism in their best and truest senses.

When I speak of the formation of the "New Jew," I am not thinking of the mythical *sabra.* The idea of the "New Jew" is more profound, more fundamental. My generation laid the foundations for the new image of the Jew, for that new Jewish framework that could absorb immigrants from distant cultures, including all kinds of religious zealots, with or without flags.

Thus, summing up Israel's 50 years is like summing up my life, with its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its disappointments. I have never written a war poem that does not mention love in it, and I have never written a love poem without an echo of war. Ecclesiastes was not right about us when he said that there is a time and a season for everything. For us, the times and the seasons were all mixed up. Our personal experiences collided and mixed with national events until they became impossible to distinguish from each other.

To be sure, my heart is filled with grievances. This is not how I envisioned the state; this is not what I had dreamed of. The list of my complaints is long, and on the whole it is justified. We know now what we did not know then; we now understand more today than we did then. Some of my complaints are characteristic, perhaps, of an aging generation. For there are fewer and fewer of us, and the new generation knows not Joseph. Joseph, for us, was Joseph Trumpeldor, the hero killed at Tel Hai in 1920, the great early leader who combined settlement, security, and socialism.

Still, we make our complaints in Hebrew, and this is our victory in the persistent war against history. Hebrew is alive and well, and it is strong enough to permit itself foreign influences and expressions. Zionism may be an old-fashioned word now, but, if we speak of it rather as "the great Jewish revolution," we come close to the amazing truth. In the two great revolutions of modernity, the French and the Russian, both nations inhabited their countries and spoke their languages. Not the Jews when they made their revolution. For this reason, there is a sense in which the Jewish revolution was the greatest revolution in modern history.

Everything that seems evil and corrupt to us now is a post-revolutionary development.

After the war of independence, we sang Haim Hefer's song: "It is all unrecognizable now; a city has been built where the outpost used to be." Indeed, cities were built where outposts used to stand, for better or for worse, for a lovelier country or for its opposite. (The trans-Israel highway will be the deepest wound inflicted on our landscape.) A few years from now, children will be shown the last surviving members of the Palmach, just as we were shown the last living members of the pioneering movement Hashomer 60 years ago in Kfar Giladi. These days "Ben-Gurion" denotes merely an airport. It is true that the settlers in the occupied territories who live in houses that are protected by the Israel Defense Forces, financed by the state and the public, and built by Arabs like to compare themselves with the early pioneers and the defenders of Hanita, Negba, and Tirat Tzvi. It is a counterfeit comparison, but it is itself a sign that the solid foundation of the State of Israel was laid back then, prior to 1948.

Again, summing up the story of my country is like summing up the story of my life. The scenes of my private life are intertwined with our evolving history. Today Nitzanim beach is a beautiful beach and a wonderful nature reserve, but, in the summer of 1948, the fierce battle of Ashdod was fought there, one of the crucial battles of the war of independence. Now I have to pay admission to have a look at the place that for me remains the site of that dreadful battle. Ein Gedi is a national park today, attracting thousands of Israelis and tourists. But I experienced great love there once, when it was very hard to get there, when you had to travel dusty roads by way of Sodom. Now I must buy a ticket to visit the scene of my intimate memories of love. These are just examples of how things grow into each other, of how a state and a society take shape out of individual lives. This is the path of history: war and love.

Several years ago, one of my sons joined the Givati Brigade (our comrades-in-arms in the old days, when we defended the south and the Negev). The swearing-in ceremony was held next to the fortress of Iraq-Suidan. Today the place is called Metzudat Yoav. Standing there with the other parents, I recalled that I had been present during one of the awful, unsuccessful attempts to conquer that fortress in 1948. Another circle closing. And my youngest daughter joined the army last year. As

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usual, the parents were invited to attend the ceremony at the conclusion of the training course. Standing there, I remembered that I had stood in the very same place in Tzrifin (then Sarafand) in 1942, a new recruit in the British Army. I was 18 then, just like my daughter. Had anyone told me that I would be standing in the same place 50 years later with a daughter in the uniform of the army of the Jewish state, I would have laughed, the way one laughs at fantasies.

Everything exists for better or for worse, but everything exists. Everything is different today than it was yesterday, but everything exists. I will conclude with a poem I wrote recently, a poem that does not yet have a name:

Between Gat and Galon, at dusk on a hot and dusty day,
a young woman walks where we were then poised
for battle on the dreadful mound. Between Gat and Galon,
between the Harvest Feasts of summer and autumn,
in the reaped field.
Straw and chaff are also Hallelujah gifts from God.
Joy does not understand words,
joy sang from her mouth and her body,
all the seven species: wheat, barley, vines, fig-trees,
pomegranates, oil-olives, honey-dates; all the seven species.
Her pants are short and her legs are long and her face looks like
our hopes and her eyes are the color of our chances.
And the sunset is the color of the beginning of her love
(and when did she cry last?)
and the way she walks between past and future,
between good times, between doubt and certainty,
and sways her hips and thighs, as in a dance.
(And when will she cry next?)
Farewell the doubt that moves our lives,
farewell the words that will not return to the mouth,
words like migrating birds that have no Europe or Africa
and have only here, with the young woman between Gat
and Galon, here and now and in other times.

The most recent edition of YEHUDA AMICHAI's poetry in English is *The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai*, translated by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell (University of California Press). This essay has been adapted from *Those Were the Years...* published by Yedioth Ahronoth Books.

Pol Pot's lieutenants, still at large.

THE HENCHMEN

By William Branigin

Pol Pot may be the symbol of the Khmer Rouge's genocidal rule over Cambodia, but, for pure evil, it's hard to match his former lieutenants, Kaing Khek Iev and Mam Nay. Kaing, a diminutive schoolteacher who took the revolutionary name of "Deuch," headed the Khmer Rouge secret police and the infamous Tuol Sleng torture center in Phnom Penh. Mam Nay, a tall, pock-marked school principal known as "Chan," served as chief interrogator at Tuol Sleng. Meticulously kept archives show that, together, these two men directed the torture and execution of an estimated 16,000 people, ranging from high-ranking members of the former government, to average men and women deemed subversive intellectuals, to uncomprehending young children. Among the methods employed by Deuch and Chan were such old standards of the torturer's craft as electric shock, fingernail extraction, and near-drowning in vats of water, as well as merciless beatings and roasting on heated metal bedframes. The idea was to force the victim into confessing that he was a traitor to the Khmer Rouge's plan to take Cambodia back to the pre-industrial age, then rebuild it as a pure Communist society—a plan that resulted in the death of approximately one million Cambodians by execution, starvation, overwork, and disease until Vietnam invaded Cambodia and pushed the Khmer Rouge out of power in 1979.

Pol Pot was the architect of this monstrous scheme. But he could not have carried it out without the assiduous efforts of henchmen like Deuch and Chan. And, unlike Pol Pot, who escaped international justice by dying in his sleep last week, Deuch, Chan, and a large number of their old cronies remain alive and at large. If the United States and other nations are as serious as they say they are about holding the Khmer Rouge accountable for the Cambodian genocide, these are the men and women who should be hauled before an international tribunal.

That's not to deny that there are significant obstacles to bringing these individuals to justice. For one thing, former members of the Khmer Rouge are now top officials of Cambodia's current government. In fact, Cambodia's present leader, Hun Sun, who ousted his rival co-prime minister in a coup last year, was himself once a deputy regimental commander in the Khmer Rouge army. Hun Sen defected to Vietnam in 1977—two years after Pol Pot came to power—not because he had had a change of heart, but because he had learned that he was about to be purged by the Khmer Rouge leadership.

Though not personally linked to massacres of civilians during that period (and leaving aside the gross human rights violations they've committed in recent years), Hun Sen and others in his government held positions of authority in the Khmer Rouge at a time when the guerrillas were driving people out of cities and slaughtering the old regime's soldiers and government officials. Not surprisingly, then, they have little interest in a full public accounting of the Khmer Rouge's blood-stained history. And they've been only too eager to protect certain more directly culpable former Khmer Rouge officials.

The most prominent member of this latter group is Ieng Sary, the high-profile deputy prime minister and foreign minister under Pol Pot. Archives of the Khmer Rouge secret police run by Deuch show that Ieng Sary was "very much part of the loop" as that organization carried out its bloody work, according to Ben Kiernan, who heads the Cambodian Genocide Project at Yale University. Along with Pol Pot, who was his brother-in-

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law, Ieng Sary was sentenced to death in absentia after the Khmer Rouge was overthrown. Yet, after he split with Pol Pot in 1996, Ieng Sary was able to strike a deal with Hun Sen that allows him to keep control of a zone in western Cambodia around the gem and timber center of Pailin in exchange for supporting Hun Sen's regime. Top former Khmer Rouge commanders loyal to Ieng Sary now hold regional government positions.

Among those believed to be enjoying Sary's protection are the Tuol Sleng torturers Deuch and Chan. The two had fled to western Cambodia shortly before Phnom Penh fell to the advancing Vietnamese in January 1979. Deuch was last spotted that year during a visit by then-First Lady Rosalynn Carter to a refugee camp near the Thai border. Now he and Chan are reported to be living quietly in a village under Ieng Sary's control.

Of course, not all of Pol Pot's henchmen have made their peace with Hun Sen. A contingent of about 2,000 continue to fight the current government from holdouts in northern Cambodia—but they remain just as far out of the reach of international justice. Chief among this branch is Ta Mok, a one-legged former Buddhist teacher who is one of the most feared Khmer Rouge leaders. He and Ke Pauk, another former Khmer Rouge zone commander, directed numerous massacres and purges during the Pol Pot era. Ta Mok is now trying to fend off a renewed government offensive, while Ke Pauk has mutinied against him in quest of a deal with Phnom Penh like the one granted to Ieng Sary.

For years, Ta Mok's group was under Pol Pot's direction. But, last year, Ta Mok led a revolt against Pol Pot and staged a bizarre show trial at which the former supreme leader was sentenced to life under house arrest. With Pol Pot when he was captured by Ta Mok was Nuon Chea, a figure even more shadowy and reclusive than Pol Pot himself. Having studied law in Thailand, he was better educated than Pol Pot, but he evinced a much rougher manner. It was Nuon Chea who was chiefly in charge of training and purging the Khmer Rouge Party apparatus, and he was the detail man on Pol Pot's more radical policies aimed at annihilating class enemies. Now in his seventies and reportedly infirm, Chea remains in Ta Mok's custody.

Still also apparently on Ta Mok's side is Khieu Samphan, a former leftist member of parliament who joined Pol Pot in the '60s and became the nominal president of the Khmer Rouge regime. Although he was considered a figurehead, some pursuers of accountability want to see him tried as well.

Then there are the thousands of anonymous, low-level henchmen, the Khmer Rouge foot soldiers and cadres, some barely in their teens, who did the work of the "killing fields." Those who are not holed up in the north, or living with impunity in Sary's domain in the west, have blended back into ordinary Cambodian society. But the crimes they committed are anything but ordinary. These men and women ran villages whose populations were gradually decimated, places where unspeakable cruelty became routine and survivors were forever traumatized. One example emerged in the early '80s when orphaned refugee children in a Thai camp began drawing pictures of horrific scenes they had witnessed. One drawing, by an eight-year-old girl, was of a circular device that she would not explain. Two years passed before she finally revealed its purpose. It was a portable guillotine. The Khmer Rouge had forced the children of her work group to use it on one another.

Courtesy Ung Pech, from Ben Kiernan's *The Pol Pot Regime* (Yale University Press).

THE TORTURERS OF TUOL SLENG AND THEIR FAMILIES. IN THE BACK ROW, KAING KHEK IEV IS SECOND FROM RIGHT, AND MAM NAY IS STANDING AT THE EXTREME LEFT.

WILLIAM BRANIGIN covered Southeast Asia for *The Washington Post* for ten years during the '80s and '90s.

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What campaign biographies don't tell you.

LITERARY LICENSE

By David Grann

"I'm here only to sign books," Newt Gingrich announces, taking a seat beside a tall stack of copies of his new memoir, *Lessons Learned the Hard Way*. It's unlikely anybody really believes him. After all, not many book tours just happen to pass through Manchester, New Hampshire, and not many authors arrive escorted by the state's former governor, with leaflet-bearing political volunteers in tow. Nevertheless, the crowd of about 100 autograph-seekers plays along, complimenting the speaker on his Eddie Bauer-like outfit (identical to the one he wears on the book's front cover) and his newfound disposition. "You're looking less mouthy these days," an elderly woman tells him. He stares at her for a moment, then glances at the throng of press. "You're right," he mutters. "I'm working on that."

This is the whole point of *Lessons Learned the Hard Way*—to repackage its author as a more attractive human being and, thus, a more attractive presidential candidate. And this is the whole point of a half-dozen other books due out in the coming months. John Ashcroft, John McCain, John Kasich, Bob Kerrey, Bill Bradley, and Lamar Alexander all have new books on sale or about to be published. (Alexander's is his third.) Even politicians who aren't running for president—but who might harbor vice presidential or other ambitions—are rushing their life stories into print: former New York congresswoman-turned-TV-talking-head Susan Molinari has a new memoir, as does New York Governor George Pataki. A lot of this is the result of the politicians' desire to augment their earnings—and of the publishing industry's seemingly inexhaustible appetite for celebrity tell-alls. But the boom in campaign memoirs also signals a change in political culture: For the first time, candidates seem willing to dish dirt on themselves to get elected. "People are no longer that interested in the candidates' philosophy," Arizona Senator McCain says. "They want to know who you are."

The campaign book, of course, has been around as long as the modern campaign itself; in 1822, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina arranged to have his life story published in a Philadelphia newspaper. In more recent times, candidates have used books to unveil their grand designs—or, at least, to convince the intelligentsia that they were serious men with grand designs to unveil. In 1962, Richard Nixon's *Six Crises* depicted the author as a sober man of affairs who had overcome Alger Hiss and the Checkers speech. Perhaps the boldest exemplar of the genre was Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative*, a book so searingly honest about the candidate's hawkish foreign policy and libertarian philosophy that it frightened millions of voters into the camp of the man who wrote *A Time for Action*: Lyndon B. Johnson.

But a turning point in modern campaign literature came on November 4, 1972, just one day before Richard Nixon's landslide presidential victory. On that day, Jimmy Carter received a secret memorandum on how to win the White House four years later. The 70-page document, drafted by his 27-year-old political strategist, Hamilton Jordan, laid out in detail the traditional elements of any campaign: what politics to study, what primary states to visit, what powerbrokers to cultivate. Buried deep in the blueprint, though, was an equally important directive: Publish a memoir.

The best-seller that emerged was *Why Not the Best?* Highly personal, it became the prototype of the campaign confessional. This was the document that introduced the American people to what was really important about the theretofore unknown former governor of Georgia: not his positions on the issues, but rather the position he occupied in a Gothic Southern family structure populated by characters with names like Miss Lillian, brother Billy, and Rosalynn. Carter's book sought to make his Plains, Georgia, upbringing itself a qualification for the highest office in the land—and it worked.

Yet even Carter's confessional attempted to depict the author as the hero of his own story. In that sense, it was still in the tradition of *Six Crises* and *The Conscience of a Conservative*: a testament to the strength and mastery of the man who would govern us all. What is different today is that candidates are using books to sell not their strengths but their weakness—as if to prove that the authors are as vulnerable as the people they would serve. "To be useful, this kind of report must be candid," writes Gingrich in a "Dear Americans" letter on the jacket of his new book. "And ... in it I recount some of the most challenging, even

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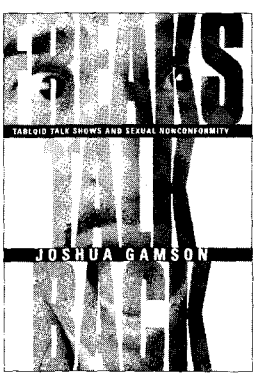

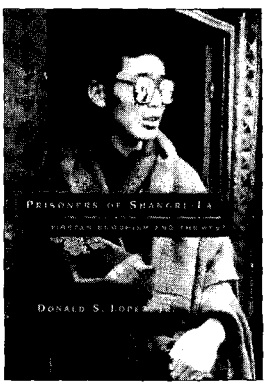

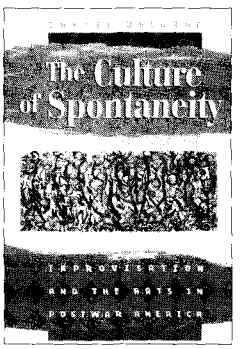

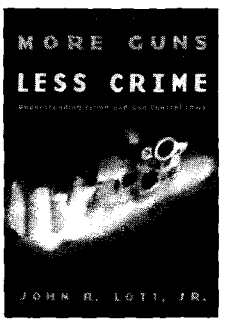

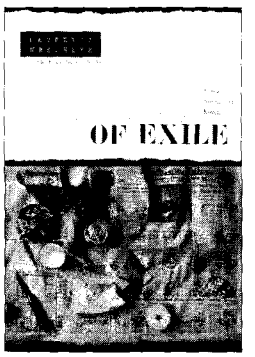

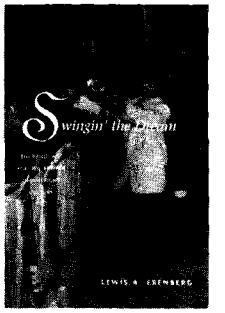

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painful, moments of my career." In Molinari's memoir, *Representative Mom: Balancing Budgets, Bill, and Baby in the U.S. Congress*, the inveterately cheerful Republican is suddenly "a nervous wreck, racked by indecision." "It wasn't just that I wasn't tough enough for politics," she confides. "I wasn't tough enough for life.... If my father looked at me with disapproval, I burst into tears."

Ashcroft, a conservative senator from Missouri who is courting the hard right, has always seemed stoic on the stump. But, in *Lessons from a Father to His Son*, he anguishes openly over the death of his parents and brother. At one point, he describes touching the frigid skin of his brother, who had just died in a fatal car accident. "I had never felt death so tangibly in all my life," he writes. Even McCain, who has never written about his experience as a POW in Vietnam for fear of "exploiting" it, says he will talk about his suffering in the Hanoi Hilton in an upcoming memoir.

The trouble is that, in politics, actual confessionals can be dangerous. Reveal your true inner self, and the voters might run away screaming. The campaign book, then, has become the literary equivalent of the infomercial—a way to sell a product without looking like you're trying to sell it. And so, in Pataki's autobiography, *Pataki: Where I Come From*, the boldest revelation is that, in law school, he mixed marijuana with baked beans and pigged out. Molinari's big revelation is that, while partying all night after an election, she danced on tabletops. (The rest of the book is mostly an attempt to recast her politician-father's home in Staten Island as a latter-day Plains: "Mama Sue was one hundred percent unconditional love," Molinari writes of her grandmother. She "taught me ... how important family really is.") And, despite Ashcroft's periodic bursts of candor and genuine pain over his parents' and brother's deaths, he remains at the end of his book the same distant figure he was at the beginning—an archetype of goodness. He emerges from the pages, in no particular order, as a devoted husband, a faithful Christian, a spiritual singer, a loving parent, a national leader, a caring brother, an avid reader, a lover of music, and, at least until he was married, a proud virgin. In other words, a politician.

The most important secret today's campaign autobiographer dare not admit, of course, is his most open one—that he is contemplating a run for the White House. Whereas Carter talked frankly in *Why Not the Best?* about winning the presidency, neither Gingrich nor Ashcroft ever mentions it. Ashcroft says that his goal in writing *Lessons from a Father to His Son* is merely to expose readers to the wisdom of his father. "You may have never heard of J. Robert Ashcroft," he writes, "but, once you finish this book, I believe you will never forget him."

NEWT GINGRICH BY ROBERT GROSSMAN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As a result, candidate-authors must invent ever more elaborate schemes to sell themselves as presidential material without actually appearing to do so. Greatness by association is the most common ploy. Gingrich appears alongside "two of [his] favorite people," President and Nancy Reagan, and quotes, among others, Abe Lincoln, George Washington, John Quincy Adams, Margaret Thatcher, and Winston Churchill. Representative Kasich titled his book, *Courage is Contagious*, a transparent evocation of John F. Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Profiles in Courage*. After a while, you begin to realize that the best way to extract the truth from these books is to add the phrase "like running for president" to random sentences. "Dad taught me that there is nothing like music and literature to nurture the soul as we pursue noble aspirations"—like running for president. "We can't all be Mother Teresa," says Kasich, "but we can all do something"—like run for president. And for Gingrich: "Learn to keep your mouth shut"—when running for president.

Gingrich, of course, insists he is willing to confess everything: how fat he is, how stupid he was, and, unthinkable for a politician, how sorry he is. "I was the one responsible," he writes, in reference to the Republican coup attempt against him. "I had become a

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hindrance instead of a help." And yet, when it comes to failings and sins that might actually relate in some way to his presidential abilities—such as his famous ethics problems—he can't quite bring himself to truly come clean. Despite a reprimand and fine by his colleagues, all he can muster is: "I have learned that you can never fully delegate a matter of such legal and ethical importance."

Indeed, you have to read Molinari's book to finally glimpse the real Gingrich. He is not only running for president, she informs us, but hoping "to do something intergalactic." He wakes up daily, she writes, "thinking of himself as Napoleon in the saddle at Waterloo." Unfortunately, Molinari's candor also undermines the great myth of the faux confessional—that there is invariably somewhere behind the politician's varnished exterior a secret life worth knowing. On the outside, Molinari is a happy cheerleader from Staten Island. On the inside, it turns out, Molinari is ... a happy cheerleader from Staten Island. "If I were Joan Crawford's daughter, I might actually have something titillating to offer about my childhood, which I would at least consider putting on these pages," she writes. "Or I'd have something juicy with which to humiliate my parents, which would be fun if my mother had actually beaten me, or if I hated my father which, I admit, I don't. I know it is hopelessly out of fashion to admit it, but I actually like my parents, and always did." One has the sneaking suspicion she is telling the truth.

And so we are left with the real secret of the new genre: The candidates like Gingrich, who really have something to hide, say nothing, while the ones who have nothing to hide say everything. As Ashcroft writes: "I've also learned to perceive the truth from what other people don't say. It strikes me that our silences are a profound act of communication." •

The hollowness of California politics.

DOLLAR DEMOCRATS

By Peter Beinart

SAN DIEGO

"Make sure that all the agencies that have endorsed us, make sure they support us financially as well." California Lieutenant Governor Gray Davis is leaning out a car window behind the Mission Valley Hilton, where he's just addressed representatives of various police groups. And he's giving instructions to one of his fund-raisers. "They've doubled what they gave to Garamendi," replies the aide, bending down to window level. The lieutenant governor nods. "We should stay on them."

Davis, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, is very, very good at this. The police give to him. The trial lawyers give to him. He's deeply plugged into Los Angeles entertainment and real estate money, the fruit of two terms representing Beverly Hills in the state assembly. Asked to describe his relationship with the unions, one observer says simply, "He owns them."

An aide characterizes Davis's fund-raising schedule as "constant ... for twenty years." He spends his car rides between fund-raising events dialing up donors. "Crossfire" host and former California Democratic Party Chairman Bill Press calls him "the most indefatigable and the most effective fund-raiser that anyone in the state had ever seen. That's all he does, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. He would wake up after one election and be on the phone the next day for the next time around. He's a pure fund-raising machine." In his 1994 race for lieutenant governor, Davis outraised his Republican opponent four to one. All of which makes it especially odd that, according to conventional wisdom, Gray Davis can't win this June's Democratic primary for governor because he doesn't have enough money.

And it's true—Gray Davis doesn't have enough money. He'll spend around $7 million by primary day, close to the amount Kathleen Brown spent to win the nomination in 1994. But one of his opponents, multimillionaire Congresswoman Jane Harman, is expected to spend twice that, most of it her own money. And Davis's other opponent, near-billionaire businessman Al Checchi, will probably spend four times as much, easily smashing the record set by self-financed Senate candidate Michael Huffington four years ago. For a candidate without personal wealth, Davis has raised a tremendous amount. In California this year, that isn't enough.

But the rise of the millionaire self-financed candidate is not, in itself, the story of this year's election in California. The millionaire candidates are but one symptom of a larger trend. That trend is toward a synthetic populism that in its many incarnations—ballot

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initiatives, campaign finance reforms, term limits, open primaries—hobbles and delegitimizes career politicians in the Golden State. In so doing, it has cleared the way for a new breed of California candidate, of which Davis's opponents, Checchi and Harman, are archetypes. The new candidates are often called outsiders because they are relative newcomers to elective office. But, in reality, they are not new to the political process at all. They are migrants from another region of political life, one previously considered distinct from elective office. Al Checchi and Jane Harman, and others like them arrayed up and down the ballot in California this year, came to politics as donors—the kind of people Gray Davis spent his life soliciting. Far from being outsiders, they are insiders of a particularly rarefied sort. They are members of that small segment of the American overclass who fund political parties and then parlay their influence and ability into appointive posts far from the glare of public scrutiny. In another era, Jane Harman and Al Checchi would have spent their lives as gala co-chairs and assistant secretaries. But, today in California, the barriers between such people and elective office have been swept away—swept away, absurdly, in the name of citizen politics.

Alfred Checchi, a very handsome, somewhat fierce looking fortysomething, says politics was always his real passion. "I was an American-studies major in college," he explains, after a speech last week at Temple Beth David in Orange County. "I've always had an intellectual, political theory, history bent." But, after college, an uncle diverted him into business. And business turned out to be something he did very well. Checchi moved, in fairly rapid succession, from Harvard Business School, to the Marriott Corporation, to Bass Brothers investments, to the co-chairmanship of Northwest Airlines. And, in the process, he amassed something on the order of $800 million.

By the mid-1980s, Checchi was ready to try his hand at politics, though he didn't know quite how or in what capacity. As Ronald Brownstein detailed in a masterful 1987 story for the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*, Checchi searched for a way in. And he soon found that there was a well-worn path: donating money. Checchi was taken in hand by California Representative Tony Coelho, who had made the cultivation of Democratic-leaning businessmen his life's work. Over the next decade, Checchi and his wife would give over $300,000 to individual candidates and party funds. And Checchi would live the life of a mega-donor. He backpacked with Coelho and other big wigs in Yosemite; he hosted a bash at the 1996 Democratic Convention; he was even scheduled to fly with Ron Brown on the late commerce secretary's fateful mission to the Balkans. (Checchi took a different flight at the last minute.) But, unlike some donors who simply sought business favors, Checchi wanted to parlay the cash into a policy job. He toyed with creating an elite club of Democratic high rollers that might serve as a breeding ground for top government posts. Flying from Los Angeles to Washington one day in the late 1980s, he asked Brownstein, "What's the highest ranking job that you think I could get in the next Democratic administration?"

But at some point Checchi decided to forego the path that was leading him toward a political appointment in the Treasury or Commerce Department and try a run for California governor instead. Why he wanted to make the switch is the less interesting question, but it probably has to do with ego, which Checchi has in spades. Leon Panetta, the former White House chief of staff, dined with him at a White House fundraiser; he says that Checchi stands out in his memory because, even at such events, people "don't usually tell you how great they are."

The more interesting question is how Checchi—a man who had never before held elective office, had lived in California only since 1986, and had not even bothered to vote in most of the state elections since his arrival—could elbow out California's most prominent politicians and make himself the frontrunner for the Democratic nomination for governor. The answer says a lot about California politics today.

Checchi's political contacts were mostly in Washington. He was little-known in California Democratic circles, and, when he began making noises about running for governor, local activists were not amused. A poll of delegates at the state Democratic convention last March showed him with little support. But Checchi understood that in California, even more than in other states, the party organization is close to irrelevant. Because California is so vast, statewide campaigning consists mostly of airing TV commercials and sending out direct mail. The legwork done elsewhere by party activists—planting lawn signs, distributing leaflets, knocking on doors—barely exists in a race for governor of California. So the fact that Checchi lacked a base among such people hardly mattered.

And, if the party's control over candidates was already weak, it grew weaker in 1996. That March, a group of reformers placed on the ballot a proposal to institute a "blanket" primary. A blanket primary means that, instead of being limited to her own party, a primary voter can cross party lines and vote for another party's primary candidate. By giving Independents and Republicans a potential voice in the Democratic primary (and vice versa), the reformers hoped to keep ideologically extreme candidates from winning party nominations, as they had in several recent contests.

Both parties fought the initiative fiercely, but they lost. And their loss has been Al Checchi's gain. Usually, primary voters are the most closely tied to a party's core interest groups: labor, environmentalists, feminists, and African Americans in the case of the Democrats. That might have posed a problem for Checchi since he has few ties to any of these traditional constituencies. Davis, by contrast, has been courting them for decades. But the blanket primary freed Checchi to go after Republicans and Independents, for whom Davis's long career as

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a Democratic officeholder might be a negative. Checchi's TV commercials do not mention his party affiliation, and the strategy seems to be paying off. In a recent *Los Angeles Times* poll, his lead over Davis was only eight points among Democrats, but ten points among Republicans, and 22 points among Independents.

Checchi has also feasted on another good-government reform. Disgusted by the vast sums spent in past California races, Common Cause and other reformers placed a campaign finance proposal on the 1996 ballot that capped individual donations in statewide races at $1,000 ($2,000 if you accepted voluntary spending limits) and banned fund-raising until one year before an election. Previously, there had been no limits on individual donations in state races. The initiative, which resembles proposals discussed nationally, passed. And it remained in effect until this January, when a federal court struck it down. For Checchi, the initiative was a boon. It didn't restrict his ability to spend his own money, but it crippled the politicians who sought to keep up with him by raising money from others. Republican lawyer and strategist Steven Merksamer suggests that the initiative might even have been the reason Checchi ran in the first place. "I think he looked at that and he said, 'They can't raise anything, and I have an unlimited checkbook. I'm crazy not to get in.'" Indeed, the initiative now looks like a model of campaign finance reform gone awry. While Checchi spent more than $7 million in 1997 (he started airing TV commercials last November, three months earlier than any other gubernatorial candidate in history), Davis could not raise money for the first six months of the year. And, even then, the new limits handcuffed him. Davis has raised around five times more per day since a judge threw out the initiative than he did while it was in effect.

The combination of the campaign finance reform law, and the Checchi candidacy that it helped prompt, also kept a long list of veteran politicians out of the governor's race. Senator Dianne Feinstein took a pass reportedly because, after going toe-to-toe with Huffington in 1994, she couldn't stomach a battle against Checchi. Leon Panetta, who, prior to his White House stint was a popular California congressman and successful fund-raiser in his own right, also decided not to run, saying the deciding factor was "Money, money, and money." Another contender, State Senator John Vasconcellos, also abandoned a potential bid, saying he feared self-funders like Checchi and Harman were "the wave of the future." (Indeed, the Republican frontrunner to take on Senator Barbara Boxer is also a multimillionaire who has never held elected office. And two self-financed newcomers are on the ballot for lieutenant governor and state treasurer.)

But the campaign finance reform measure had another effect that is harder to gauge. The theme of such reform efforts is always, explicitly or implicitly, that raising money corrupts candidates. And one of the strange by-products of the resulting cynicism about politicians is that it makes the public more accepting of those who spend their own money. A recent poll by the Public Policy Institute of California found that, while 14 percent of voters were less likely to vote for someone who campaigned with his own money, it made no difference to 60 percent, and, remarkably, 26 percent said it would make them *more* supportive. Checchi has played on this sentiment in much the way Ross Perot once did, saying that "my candidacy is not for sale since I'm paying for it myself."

Perhaps even more profoundly, Davis and other state officeholders have been hurt by that great instrument of California populism itself: the initiative. The last two decades have seen an explosion of ballot initiatives in the Golden State—almost as many have passed in the 20 years since 1978 as passed in the 67 years between 1978 and the initiative's birth in 1911. And, as Peter Schrag shows in his excellent new book, *Paradise Lost: California's Experience, America's Future*, the growth of initiatives has turned the state's legislative process into a nightmare of dysfunction. Proposition 13 and related

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successor initiatives severely limit the amount of money flowing into California's coffers. And what little money comes in is governed by a web of additional initiatives that mandate minimum funding for schools and for a prison system capable of accommodating California's draconian "three strikes and you're out" law. The result is that California legislators are hindered from responding pragmatically to problems, which, in turn, makes them appear incompetent, and tend to abandon volatile issues to the initiative process, which makes them look spineless. Schrag quotes University of California political scientist Elizabeth Gerber as saying, "Voters perceive government as unaccountable so they pass initiatives to restrict its actions. This constrains government and prevents it from responding to the state's pressing demands, which further angers voters and provokes them to pass even more stringent constraints."

But, beyond simply perpetuating itself, the initiative (as well as strict term limits, another 1990s California populist experiment) devalues legislative experience and prestige and, in so doing, hurts people like Gray Davis and helps people like Al Checchi. Recent polling by the Public Policy Institute of California found that, while 30 percent of voters expressed a "great deal" of "trust and confidence" in President Clinton, only four percent said the same about the California legislature.

One of the striking things about Checchi's policy proposals is how much they sound like initiatives. Sensitive to the charge that he doesn't know anything about state government, Checchi has hired an astounding 29 policy staffers and consultants, and they have produced a blizzard of issue papers. But Checchi's proposals, like initiatives, bear little relation to the trade-offs required by a legislative process. Checchi has suggested expanding the death penalty to cover serial rapists and repeat molesters who "kill the spirit of a woman or a child" (a poll-tested phrase if ever there was one)—even though such an expansion would likely be unconstitutional. He has attacked his opponents for not pledging to cut auto insurance rates—something that is not in the governor's power to do. He has proposed spending $1 billion to pay for 10,000 new police officers in four years; he's called for $6 billion to raise California education spending to the national average; he's suggested up to $3 billion for housing and aid to cities; he's called for a three to five billion dollar universal preschool program that would reduce the need for bilingual education; and he's proposed tax cuts for college students, families receiving child care, senior citizens receiving in-home care, and first-time home buyers. Money for most of these programs, Checchi says, will come from economic growth and a ten percent cut in state bureaucracy—specifics to come later.

Jane Harman, the third Democrat running for governor, spent her childhood in Los Angeles and then proceeded to live her entire adult life in Washington, D.C. After graduating from Harvard Law School in 1969, she went to work on Capitol Hill, first for California Senator John Tunney, then as counsel to several Senate subcommittees. During the late 1970s, she held two positions in the Carter administration, where she met her second husband, stereo-equipment mogul Sidney Harman, a multimillionaire who also worked for Carter.

In the early 1980s, Harman went to work as a corporate trade lawyer and lobbyist at Surrey & Morse, where she represented China. In 1988, the firm merged with Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue. During the decade the Republicans held the White House, Harman was the epitome of a Washington player. She raised money for the Democratic Party, co-chairing its $2.2 million gala in 1987. Along with Ron Brown, Vernon Jordan, and others, she helped set up the National Lawyers' Council, a group of politically connected Democratic lawyers who helped the party with legal problems. And her political connections dovetailed with her legal work. A 1989 letter from Jones, Day to a potential client, first reported by *The San Francisco Examiner*, boasted that "Victor Raiser and Jane Harman, as a result of their fund-raising activities on behalf of the Democratic National Committee, have frequent contact with the Democratic leadership in the House and Senate."

By the 1990s, Jane Harman, like Al Checchi, seemed in line for some prestigious but obscure job in the Clinton administration. But, like Checchi, she veered off the path. In 1991, Harman moved to Los Angeles, where she had not lived since high school, to run for Congress. At first, thinking she would run for the seat vacated by Senate candidate Mel Levine, she settled in Brentwood. But, thinking better of it, she moved to Marina del Rey to take a shot in the recently reapportioned thirty-sixth congressional district.

As with Checchi, Harman's decision to run for Congress in 1992 was less remarkable than the fact that she won. Her critics attacked her mercilessly as a carpetbagger. One Democratic opponent, Ada Unruh, said, "She doesn't know the people in the district, let alone the names of the streets in the district, so how can she represent us? She is a bona fide Washington insider." And the critics were almost certainly right. Joel Kotkin, an expert on the California economy at Pepperdine University, addressed the California congressional delegation during Harman's first term in office, and says, "I was astounded by how little Harman knew about her own district economically."

Harman won because she spent $2.3 million, the fourth most of any congressional candidate in the country that year, and close to three times as much as her Republican opponent. Most of the money was her own. But, running against a Los Angeles city councilwoman, she also benefited from the same anti-politician sentiment that propels Al Checchi. As a reporter who covered the race observes, "In the era she was elected, when pretty much every politician is considered a sleazeball, the fact that she might not have been from there didn't mean she was considered any worse than the people she was running against."

Those same forces, personal wealth and public disregard for experience in elective office, have helped

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make Harman a strong candidate for governor. (Polls show her running a close second to Checchi, with Davis far back.) When Dianne Feinstein decided not to run early this year, California Democrats, fearing that Davis couldn't beat Checchi and that neither could beat likely Republican nominee Dan Lungren, turned to Harman. At first glance, it was a strange choice. California has 30-odd Democratic members of Congress. Most have been in office longer than Jane Harman, and most have safer seats. (Harman barely won reelection in 1994 and survived another tough race in 1996.) And Harman didn't have a distinguished legislative record. Although considered smart and capable, she had spent the bulk of her time in Congress defending pork-barrel weapons systems like the B-2 bomber and the C-17 cargo plane—on which her defense-contractor-laden district relies. She was unknown outside of Los Angeles. And she had never served in state government.

But Harman was the seventh-wealthiest member of the House, and the people who recruited her needed someone who could match Checchi, dollar for dollar (or at least stay close). Indeed, Harman's candidacy, since it began in February, has vaguely echoed Checchi's. Like Checchi, Harman is placing great faith in the blanket primary. Except for women's organizations, her ties to traditional Democratic interest groups are weak, and she is not popular with California labor unions. So she has tried hard to market herself to pro-choice Republican women, sending them direct mail and noting that she was recently called "the best Republican in the Democratic Party."

And, like Checchi, she knows little about the office she wants to hold. But, while Checchi has responded with reams of position papers that propose wholly unrealistic solutions, Harman has taken a different approach. For most of her two-and-a-half months in the race, she has steadfastly refused to discuss anything specific that she would do in office. When she announced her candidacy by conference call on February 4, she mystified reporters by deflecting all policy questions with the line: "I bring truly relevant experience, an informed vision for the state, and a lifetime of commitment to principles, including the right to choose." Three weeks later, in an appearance before a Los Angeles civic group, she did the same thing, explaining that "I don't want to answer questions at the state level right now." A month later, when asked her position on "95–5," an initiative that would require schools to spend 95 percent of their money on teaching, she replied breezily, "Where should I be?"

Although political reporters have mocked Harman's refusal to discuss specifics, it probably won't hurt her in California's present political environment. If Checchi's silver bullets seem designed for the initiative mentality, Harman may be betting that, with California government running largely on initiative automatic pilot, voters are not primarily interested in policies at all, but rather with the mood their governor projects. At the moment, one of Harman's biggest selling points is that, while Checchi is running negative ads, she never will. In a local television interview last week, she said, "It's time for some cheerleading inside this state. It's time to start not pitting people against each other."

As a public speaker, Gray Davis is positively Dole-esque. He naturally gravitates to highly detailed discussions of the legislative process and sometimes mutters bemused little asides that sabotage the mood he's trying to create. Addressing a banquet hall full of police officers last Tuesday at the Mission Valley Hilton, Davis explains how he maneuvered to allocate $5 million to fund the police-run DARE anti-drug program when he was chief of staff to then-Governor Jerry Brown in 1975. As he lists the different towns where the money was spent, the man sitting across from me, who's running for some position in his local police organization, starts reading his own campaign flier. But Davis gets better. He promises to expand DARE into every secondary and elementary school in the state. And then he hits his stride, calling for an additional five years in prison for any adult selling drugs to children between the ages of 16 and 18 and an additional ten years for an adult selling to children between eleven and 15. There's no doubt he's pandering, but at least his proposals are specific and measurable and bear some relation to what a governor could actually do. The kicker is a vow that any adult caught selling drugs to a child under ten will get life in prison. The 400-odd policemen and women start clapping, and then, to my surprise, a few of them stand; soon the whole room is up.

I am warming to Davis myself. After Checchi and Harman's glamour, his lack of charisma is refreshing. When I ask State Senator John Vasconcellos, who's worked with Davis for decades, to describe his style, there is an awkward silence. "Nothing comes to mind," Vasconcellos stammers. "I mean, I don't know exactly what to say. He works at things." In fact, Davis is painfully aware of his inability to inspire—which is probably the reason he's the only one of the three Democrats speaking about substance.

In all the time I'm with him, Davis betrays almost no emotion whatsoever. He's disciplined to the point of being robotic. But perhaps only someone with that type of personality could stand to be in this race. All the other career politicians passed it up because they couldn't bear spending every waking hour begging for money only to be vastly outspent by two multimillionaires who almost delight in their ignorance of the job they seek. Everyone else is sitting on the sidelines and bemoaning the handover of California politics to the millionaires. Davis, absolutely stoic, is the one who's actually enduring it.

Gray Davis sits down in his car after the speech and begins talking to his fund-raiser standing at the window. "They've doubled what they gave to Garamendi," the aide says. Sitting in the back seat, I almost want to lean forward and yell, "Make it triple!" •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Tragic and Otherwise

For Primo Levi, the peace after World War II was only an armistice—before the next war began. His memoir that described his postwar homeward journey from Auschwitz to Turin was called *The Truce* (1974). In 1981, 36 years after the war's end, this former partisan wrote a poem called "Partisan." The first line: "Where are you now, partisans of all the valleys?" The poem goes on to say that they must be on guard against the enemy.

> What enemy? Every man is the enemy
> of every other,
> With everyone split by an inner border,
> The right hand enemy of the left.
> On your feet, old men,
> enemies of yourselves:
> Our war is never over.

Clearly Levi had come to believe that the rooted threat against peace was the inner state of man, that thus peace would always be a mere truce. Presumably this belief became too much for him to bear. For this reason among possible others, presumably, he took his life in 1987.

It's a serious challenge to make a film about Levi, and Francesco Rosi, always serious, always wrestling large subjects, was seemingly as fit a choice for the task as any director could be. *Salvatore Giuliano, Moment of Truth, Christ Stopped at Eboli* (not to mention *Carmen*) were not flawless, but had concepts of large scope and were grave in their tactics.

The Truce (Miramax) was made from an adaptation by Rosi and Tonino Guerra, Antonioni's longtime collaborator. (The version being shown here is in English.) It opens with chilling verity, promising to be worthy of its subject; but little by little the film becomes only one more account of the horrors of the war and of the postwar period. The adventures are terrible and ironic, as Levi and some other Italian prisoners make their enforced meandering way from Poland through much of central Europe before they reach home. But the center of Levi's book is missing, the uniqueness—Levi himself.

Physically he is there, almost all the time. John Turturro plays Levi and is always sober and respectful of the man, decent and responsive as the moment demands. But, as given, this character could have been any one of other comparable men. The Levi who wrote the book—other books and poetry—about his life, about being trapped inside that life, about being as humane as possible within that entrapment, is not there. Probably he could not be.

Turturro is given some voice-over lines from Levi. (When the Auschwitz prisoners are freed: "We felt unfit for our newfound liberty.") But these don't compensate for the absence of the whole man through whom all the events of the book are experienced. I've lost my copy of *The Truce*, which is out of print and unavailable, but I've been looking again at *The Periodic Table* and am refreshed in Levi's being. To *show* him, as a film must do, to show his actions instead of inhabiting him, as a book allows, is to reduce him. Scores and scores of autobiographies have been filmed, but the greater the degree of interiority in the original, the thinner the film is likely to be. Here, despite all that Rosi and Turturro can do, the Levi we look at and listen to is not near the Levi we know.

Without Levi, the film is only a series of episodes that, in essence, are much like those in some past films. *The Truce* is delicately shot and edited and has some graphic minor performances, but it is inevitably disappointing.

It's well known that Woody Allen plays the clarinet and often sits in with a band in a New York club. In 1996, he and six other musicians who specialize in New Orleans jazz thought it might be fun to give concerts in a few European cities. This idle idea soon swelled into a 24-day tour of 18 cities, including Paris, Madrid, Venice, Rome, Geneva, Vienna, and London.

Barbara Kopple, the documentary director who made *Harlan County USA* and *American Dream*, found out about this projected tour and got permission to come along with a crew. The result is **Wild Man Blues** (Fine Line), which is the title of one of the numbers that Allen and friends played. But the picture might have been called *Blue Man's Wildness.*

Perhaps the notoriously reclusive Allen permitted Kopple to make the film in order to counteract the negative publicity about his sexual behavior. Prominent in the picture is his young Asian bride, and we see much of their

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Fireworks. *Takeshi Kitano, an incredibly productive writer-director-actor, plays the leading role in this Japanese version of a tale about big-city detectives, nuanced with the culture of the country. (Reviewed 4/6/98)* **Marius and Jeannette.** *Set in the present but immersed in the social attitudes of 1930s French cinema. Still, there's much beauty in this account of Marseilles working-class love. (5/4/98)* **Primary Colors.** *Campaigning with Bill and Hillary under other names. Speed and candor and wit, plus John Travolta's amiability and Emma Thompson's sparkle. But its credibility depresses a bit. (4/20/98)* **Taste of Cherry.** *Another gift of lasting worth from the Iranian master, Abbas Kiarostami. A taciturn story of a man contemplating suicide. We explore some secrets, including the secret of the film's very being. (4/13/98)* **—SK**

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THE Book PAGE.

THE WAR AGAINST PARENTS

by Sylvia Ann Hewlett and Cornel West

There is a war going on that has made being good parents in America an uphill fight. Sylvia Ann Hewlett and Cornel West say this war is being waged by everything from television to taxes, and until America's parents get the moral support they need, the battle will rage. (Houghton Mifflin)

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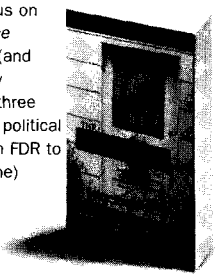
THE INHERITANCE

by Samuel G. Freedman



Political tomes usually focus on leaders, but *The Inheritance* focuses on the ideologies (and voting patterns) of ordinary Americans. The stories of three American families reveal a political shift from left to right, from FDR to Ronald Reagan. (Touchstone)

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by Ntozake Shange

Combine African-American history, family, literature, and tantalizing cuisine and you may get an idea about the wonders within *If I Can Cook, You Know God Can*. Ntozake Shange shares personal memories and secret family recipes that give this book a flavor all its own. (Beacon)

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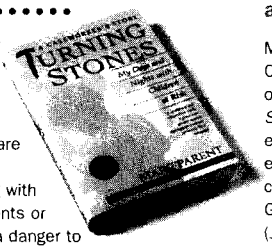
Eight Visions of America

TURNING STONES

by Marc Parent



Marc Parent spent four years on the streets of New York City as a Child Welfare Administration caseworker, working with children whose parents or surroundings were a danger to them. The result is a memoir (and a social commentary) that no one should miss. (Fawcett)

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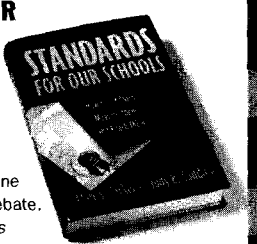
STANDARDS FOR OUR SCHOOLS

by Marc Tucker and Judy Codding



Marc Tucker and Judy Codding are at the front line of the public education debate. *Standards for Our Schools* explains the need for a national educational standard to ensure that whether a child is educated in Beverly Hills, Harlem, or Green Bay, they are on equal ground. (Jossey-Bass)

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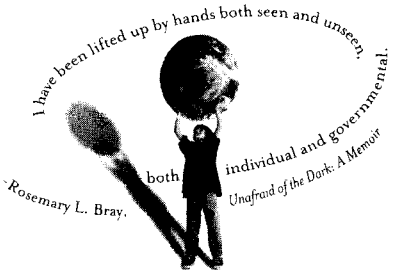
I have been lifted up by hands both seen and unseen,
individual and governmental.
both
Rosemary L. Bray,
Unafraid of the Dark: A Memoir

We know that the public schools can deliver because we have seen them deliver.
Marc Tucker and Judy Codding
Standards for Our Schools

THE DISCIPLINE OF HOPE: LEARNING FROM A LIFETIME OF TEACHING

by Herbert Kohl

The Discipline of Hope is both the title of Herbert Kohl's new book and his maxim: He refuses to accept limitations on his students' abilities and his own ability to teach them. When so much is being said about the decline of education, Kohl's book is an uplifting message of what one person can do. (Simon & Schuster)

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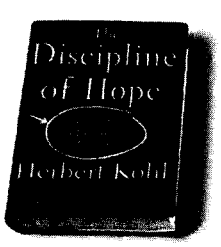
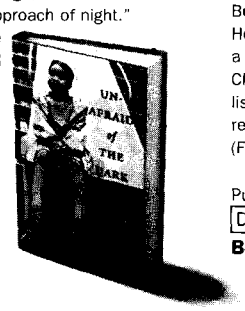


UNAFRAID OF THE DARK: A MEMOIR

by Rosemary Bray

Rosemary Bray's story begins with a poverty-stricken young girl in Chicago, "...surrounded by fear... dreading the approach of night." But thanks to the welfare system and her own hard work, she moved on to Yale, and a career as a respected journalist. (Random House)



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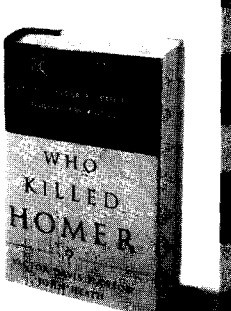

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domesticity as they travel. Allen himself is no less the wriggly neurotic whom we all know, loaded with quirks and eccentricities, but in his public appearances in those European cities he is somewhat more composed. In many of his films his energy converts into clumsy acting; here, it seems a thing in itself, existing on its own, the result of his feeling for the music.

We get generous samples of the band's playing in various places. (Someone in the film says you can't hear that *sort of jazz any more, even in New* Orleans. This made me feel lucky that years ago I heard it in New Orleans, played by elderly black men.) We also see a lot of luxe hotel suites, always—no matter how luxe—with an additional room so that Allen can have his own bathroom. We see receptions and photo ops and all those mayors and chairmen who want to present medals and plaques so that they can have their pictures taken with the star. Of all the conversations with local people that Kopple caught, the one that stands out is with a winning middle-aged woman in Venice. Allen asks her if she is Venetian, and she says no, she is from Ancona (a considerable distance away) and is here because she loves him. And Allen, though weary of encomia, responds.

Several unintended points about him come out. We realize how carefully he is made up and lighted in his films because, in the impromptu shooting here, a good deal of the time he looks ghastly. Also we realize how spindly he is. He never seemed robust and has often worked laughs on his small size; but here, despite the food we see him eating, he seems absolutely anorexic. When he plays long clarinet solos, he seems almost to be fighting for breath, for the strength to continue. It's not true, of course, but every solo seems an agony.

And, naturally, there are one-liners in the picture. They may have been prepared, but he knows they are expected of him and he obliges. In a Milanese hotel, for instance, he says, "This being Milan, I hope our laundry doesn't come back breaded." •

The Closing of the American City

BY JAMES Q. WILSON

Official Negligence: How Rodney King and the Riots Changed Los Angeles and the LAPD by Lou Cannon

(Times Books, 698 pp., $35)

Someone Else's House: America's Unfinished Struggle for Integration by Tamar Jacoby

(Free Press, 624 pp., $30)

The Watts riot in 1965 and the Rodney King riot in 1992 both had as their immediate cause public beliefs about police behavior. In Watts, a neighborhood of Los Angeles, the arrest of a motorist led to an angry confrontation with a crowd. Over six days, 34 people were killed and the center of Watts was burned to the ground. After the acquittal of officers accused of beating Rodney King, there erupted the nation's most deadly urban riot in over a century. Fifty-four people were killed, over eight hundred buildings were destroyed, and thousands more were damaged or looted.

There remain profound differences of opinion about whether the behavior of the police in the Watts arrest or the King beating justified the tumultuous response. But there can be little doubt that what the police and public officials did after these incidents made matters vastly worse. Lou Cannon, a distinguished reporter, has produced an extraordinary book, and its central message is nicely captured by its title: official negligence.

Cannon's account cannot be understood without first understanding how Los Angeles is governed. It is a city founded by white, middle-class Progressives who wanted clean, efficient govern-

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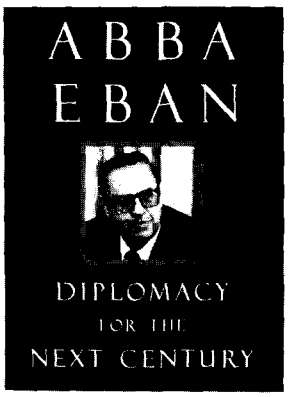
ment uncontaminated by party politics. They put in place a charter that made elections nonpartisan, they sharply restricted how much political patronage can be handed out, and they conferred authority over a variety of government institutions, including the police, to part-time citizen commissions. As a consequence of these commissions, and of the great powers given to the city council, the mayor of the city is weak.

So long as the reformers who created this structure were prepared to run it, and so long as the city's population shared the Progressives' values, the system worked. The first police chief, who was appointed in 1889, established professionalism as the goal of the department. Some succeeding chiefs, notably August Vollmer, William Worton, William H. Parker, and Edward Davis, maintained that goal, and they worked hard to make the department into an honest, carefully selected, and well-trained force strictly obedient to the chief. Beginning in 1923, the chief occupied a civil service post from which he could only be fired for cause.

Between the terms of these effective chiefs, however, some scoundrels held office. Chief Louis Oaks, who ran the department in 1922-23, was a member of the Ku Klux Klan; his department was involved in gambling and bootlegging. Many of these failures can be attributed in part to the fact, the central fact, that creating a reform government is easier than running one. The Progressives had no party organization, and therefore no way to recruit their own members. The reliance on volunteer commissions to run the government put power in the hands of people who often did not know much about the city, or who used their commission post to increase their personal influence.

In cities such as Chicago and New York, party organizations often dominated police departments. This did not happen in Los Angeles. Most Angelenos thought that this was a good thing, because it spared the city a tradition of corrupt officers and a massive influx of organized crime. Yet these gains were purchased at a price. The absence of parties also meant that self-serving politicians, such as Mayor Frank Shaw, could gain power while the reformers were attending to other matters. And the lack of parties meant that even when the Progressives regained authority, there were no mechanisms for inducing the police to pay much attention to ethnic differences and neighborhood concerns. When good chiefs were in office, the police attracted able officers, but each of them quickly learned to respond to



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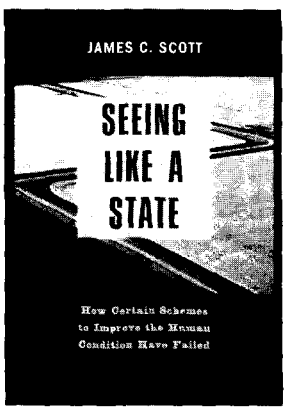

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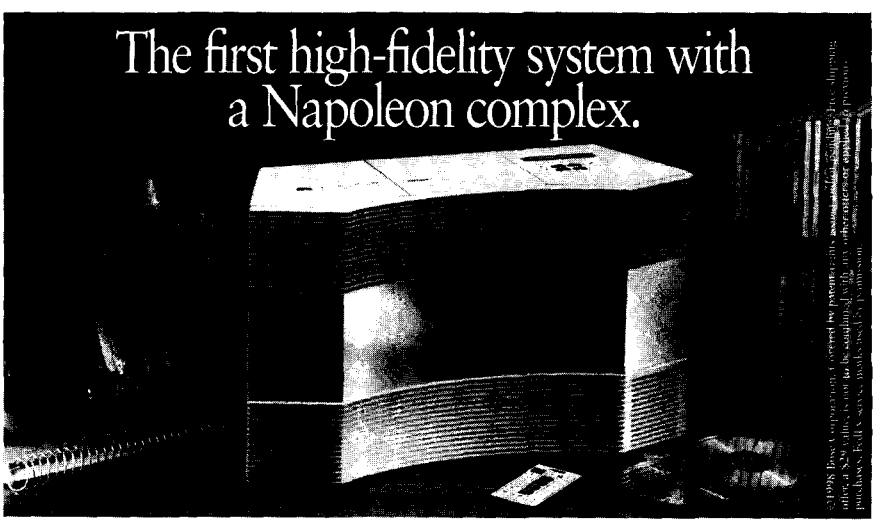

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orders from above and not to cues from outside. It created what one LAPD veteran described as a "military paradigm"—a useful model, except for its failure to recognize that it was policing, not occupying, a city.

All of this was made worse by the passage of Proposition 13 in 1978, a ballot measure that also flowed from the old Progressive vision that the people and not the parties should make policy decisions. By cutting property taxes, restricting the rate at which they could be increased, and requiring a two-thirds majority before voters could approve in subsequent elections any new expenditures, Proposition 13 sharply reduced the chance that the LAPD could get much new money. As a result, the police suffered from too few officers, police cars that were driven until their axles fell off, a communications system that was hopelessly inadequate, a crime lab that began to deteriorate, and station houses that were ramshackle or worse.

In 1960, the city had reported to it three violent crimes for every LAPD officer. By 1990, there were ten such crimes for every officer. The "thin blue line" of the LAPD was now a heavily overworked, poorly equipped line. When the Rodney King riots broke out, the officers in the nearest station did not have a television set with which to watch what virtually every other Angeleno was seeing. To make matters worse, Chief Daryl Gates and Mayor Tom Bradley were not on speaking terms. In a different city, the mayor would have fired a chief whom he did not like. In Los Angeles, again, that was not possible.

It has been many years, moreover, since Los Angeles had a culture supportive of Progressivism. Its population is amazingly diverse, with white Anglos a distinct minority. The LAPD had worked hard to adapt to this change; and in the early 1990s, it had done better than any of the other big-city departments in hiring African American and Latino officers in rough proportion to their share of the city's population. But its efforts to reach out to the city through community-oriented policing models, such as the "basic car plan" of former Chief Edward Davis, were scotched by Mayor Bradley and Chief Gates.

You may wonder why an African American mayor would kill an idea designed to make the police more responsive to neighborhoods. So do I. Cannon's best guess is that the mayor, backed up by liberal activists such as Stephen Reinhardt (now a federal judge in the Ninth Circuit), feared that having police officials exercise some kind of local leadership would be a political threat to the mayor and a source of opposition to court decisions restricting police powers. Gates concurred in this view for different reasons, probably because community policing had never won the hearts of many LAPD officers. As a result, the LAPD was not only undernourished, it had also lost much of its connection with local neighborhoods.

When George William Holliday, in the middle of the night of March 3, 1991, taped the encounter between Rodney King and several officers, he recorded one of the most famous images in modern American history. Unfortunately, as Cannon reports, the tape was edited before it was broadcast. Gone were the few seconds in which King, at the start of the episode, charged at the officers. What viewers saw was only officers beating a crouching King with metal batons. And the absence of pictures of King's charge led many people to believe that King was simply and gratuitously the victim of police torture. In fact, as the records show, he was very drunk, had led officers on a wild chase through the streets, had refused to submit to orders to lie down, had resisted two electric charges from a Taser, and had thrown off officers who tried to subdue him.

Even allowing for these facts, however, the beating that followed was sickening. Sergeant Stacey Koon later described it as the most violent encounter that he had ever witnessed, and Chief Gates described the scene as an "excessive" use of force that left him "sick to my stomach." Over 50 blows were directed at King, and 31 blows struck him. In an attempt to get a fair jury, the trial of Koon and three other officers was moved to Simi Valley, a largely white suburb in nearby Ventura County. Though most people expected convictions, three officers were acquitted; and one, Laurence Powell, who had delivered most of the blows, had a hung jury. Shortly after the verdicts were announced, the riots began.

Cannon set out to understand why the Simi Valley jury acted as it did. His account is the most balanced that I have read, and it offers three reasons. For a start, he suggests that suburban Simi Valley had a pro-police culture. But surely this is offset by the fact that every public opinion poll taken at the time of the trial showed that huge majorities of all races, in Ventura County (where Simi Valley is located) as well as in Los Angeles, thought that the officers had used too much force. It is doubtful, therefore, that the culture of Simi Valley was the decisive explanation.

A second reason proposed by Cannon is the trial use of the videotape. Most people thought, quite reasonably, that the edited version unmistakably revealed policy brutality in operation. But at the trial, the complete tape, not the edited tape, was used; and as even prosecution lawyers admitted, this version shed a somewhat different light on the incident. It became a powerful tool for the defense in two ways. In choosing jurors, the judge excused any prospective juror who, on the basis of seeing the edited tape, had decided that too much force was used. This odd jury selection rule effectively screened out jurors who might have convicted. And during the trial, the complete tape showed King charging the officers who had asked him to submit. Jurors began to think that whatever the officers did, it was prompted by King's behavior.

Cannon's third reason for the verdict is that the policy of the LAPD about the use of force was already a major issue. Prior to the spring of 1982, officers had been told to subdue unruly suspects with "choke holds," or arm pressure on the carotid artery. In some circumstances that hold may have had merit, but in the LAPD it led to disaster. In the seven years ending in 1982, 15 people had been killed by choke holds, and seven of them were African Americans. Other police agencies had used choke holds, including New York, San Diego, and the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department, but in those organizations hardly any deaths occurred. This suggests that LAPD training may have been defective. In 1982, the Police Commission and the City Council banned the further use of the choke hold.

Like so many reforms, this one produced its own unanticipated harm. For reasons that are not entirely clear, the accepted alternative to the choke hold became blows from a metal baton. When it was put into use, the number of complaints about excessive LAPD force shot up. Astonishingly, the LAPD never trained its officers to subdue an unruly suspect by having a few officers drag him to the ground, which is a common police practice in many other cities. Such a practice might produce bruises, but few serious injuries and certainly no deaths. And even the baton techniques were not well-taught in the 1980s. Many officers had not been adequately trained in the use of this instrument. LAPD Sergeant Charles Duke, who had taught self-defense at the Police Academy, testified that there were better ways to subdue King but that these alternatives were not LAPD policy. "It sounds cruel," he added, but baton blows were the only

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approved method. The judge told the jurors to apply the law, and not LAPD policy, to the accused officers, but they were reluctant to convict people who seemed to be following an official (albeit inadequate) policy.

The verdict was read at 3:15 PM. Within about an hour, the riot had begun with the robbery of a liquor store near the intersection of Florence and Normandie, in South Central Los Angeles. Many theories have sprung up about what happened: it was an "urban insurrection" or a "gang conspiracy." Cannon believes that the riot was not any one thing, but a series of many related riots. It began with a robbery in which the robbers used the King verdict as a justification to the liquor store owner from whom they stole some beer. Many people joined in a racial protest. When the police did not respond to the first outbreak, many people who cared nothing about King joined in a looting spree. Korean merchants were singled out for attack, in part because (like Jews before them) they sold merchandise in black neighborhoods, and in part because a Korean woman had received only probation for killing an innocent African American girl not long before the King verdict. (The Korean woman had wrongly thought that the girl was trying to rob her store.)

This complex array of partially related events got completely out of hand because of the near-collapse of any kind of political or police leadership. Mayor Bradley and Councilman Mark Ridley-Thomas had objected to any visible police presence while awaiting the verdict, because they believed that it would be "provocative." When the verdict was announced, Mayor Bradley's first statement was inflammatory: it was "senseless," he said, and it left him "speechless." And the police did no better.

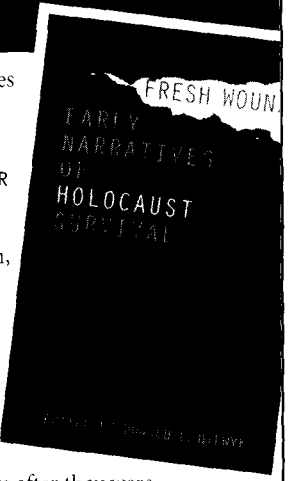
After the verdict was announced, Chief Gates spent three hours in his office without taking charge of the police or issuing a tactical alert, and then he went off to a fund-raising meeting in fancy Brentwood. The Metro Division, which includes the SWAT team, was spread all over the county, and nobody authorized it to deploy in battle gear. Two armed personnel carriers, purchased to deal with disorders, were kept out of sight. There were no rubber bullets to use in crowd-dispersal weapons. The police could not use tear gas because that took the permission of a commander, and there was no such officer on duty at the riot scene. When the incident at Florence and Normandie got out of hand, the lieutenant in that district (many of the captains were off at a training seminar) ordered his officers to withdraw from the scene, and kept them away while the rioting spread. Officers were called to a command post, but they found no computer, no television set, and scarcely any telephones. The officers on the street were often instructed not to engage or to arrest rioters. Many higher-ranking officers seemed worried about protecting their careers or reputations, and so felt that doing nothing was a prudent course. The LAPD even had difficulty in accepting help from other agencies. The Sheriff's office and the California Highway Patrol offered personnel, but the LAPD did not seem to know what to do with them.

Most rank-and-file officers were angry or frustrated by this lack of preparation and direction. The result was a catastrophe. An understandable racial protest was allowed to multiply into a widespread pattern of looting. A study by the *Los Angeles Times* showed that hardly any looters who were arrested even mentioned King. And most of those arrested for looting were not black, but Latino. More than 2,000 Korean stores were destroyed, often one by one. I recall driving through Koreatown, seeing stores with Korean names destroyed between non-Korean buildings that were left intact. Firefighters, rightly afraid of being shot while trying to put out blazes, had trouble getting adequate police escorts.

Throughout the city, however, there were far more good people than bad ones. Countless African Americans helped people threatened by rioters. After the rioting, Los Angeles voters were asked to approve two measures, one to upgrade the LAPD's communications system and the other to add 1,000 new officers. African American voters supported both measures. Most African Americans never riot and never loot. But a significant fraction of them remain deeply alienated from the American system; and many, out of a variety of motives, are ready to express that discontent whenever an incident—typically, a police encounter with an African American—sparks a flame.

In her splendid book, Tamar Jacoby has written a detailed and troubling account of how that discontent has guided politics in New York City, Detroit, and Atlanta. She confronts the central question that must govern any discussion of African American life today: What happened to integration? Over 30 years after the passage of the first significant federal civil rights law, a law that most people hoped would produce a society that was legally color-blind, color dominates American politics. Recently a number of books, notably one by Ellis Cose, have

Fresh Wounds



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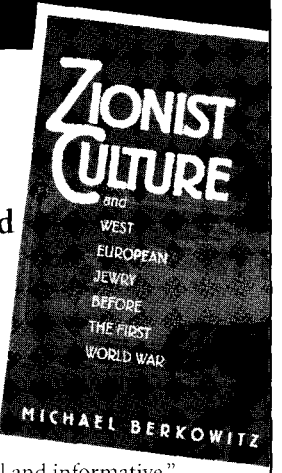

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been written about what it is like to be black, many focusing on the tendency of the police to question innocent, middle-class blacks. Two recent books, by Randall Kennedy and Orlando Patterson, have defended integration and individualism. A large book summarizing black progress has come from Stephan and Abigail Thernstrom. But none of these quite succeeds in portraying the extent to which many African Americans no longer regard integration as the central goal of race relations. That is Jacoby's melancholy accomplishment.

Court decisions and civil rights laws banned racial oppression, but they did not describe the kind of world in which we hope to live when oppression ends. Do we want schools to be open to all children regardless of race, or each school to have a racial mix? Do we want restrictive real estate practices ended, or blacks and whites to live near one another? Do we want jobs and contracts passed out without racial favoritism, or blacks to get their "fair share" of both? Is affirmative action a meaningful effort to recruit African Americans, or a set of racial preferences?

Jacoby provides a vivid account of how three cities struggled to answer these questions. In New York, Mayor John Lindsay, working with McGeorge Bundy, the president of the Ford Foundation, tried to make integration real. He failed. In Detroit, Mayor Coleman Young rejected the integrationist goal in favor of a flamboyant, black-power style that won him loyal followers, but he left the city a fiscal and social wreck. In Atlanta, Mayor Maynard Jackson put in place a systematic pattern of racial preferences in jobs and contracts that conferred real benefits on only a few people.

Some of those who followed in the footsteps of these mayors—Rudolph Giuliani in New York, Dennis Archer in Detroit, Andrew Young in Atlanta—tried to reclaim the integrationist goal by working with leaders of all races and trying to minimize racial claims from any group. Jacoby's story stops well short of Giuliani or Archer, but it shows how Young, who brought impeccable civil-rights credentials and extraordinary negotiating skills to the task of forging black-white alliances, still lost much of his support from black voters.

The common theme in Jacoby's account of New York and Detroit is easily stated: white elites often chose to listen to the most angry (and therefore, they thought, the most "authentic") African American leaders, ignoring the opinions of those who had a stake in preserving an orderly society. She tells again, and in poignant detail, the absurd story of school decentralization in New York, a Lindsay-Bundy attempt to provide "community control" of neighborhood schools that produced not control by the community but control by radicals. She reminds us that the New Detroit Committee, led by Max Fisher and Joe Hudson, devoted its time to "ventilation"—that is, to listening endlessly not only to real complaints from serious people, but as much or more to empty bluster from self-anointed "leaders."

What a few black leaders learned from these efforts was that, in the words of Al Sharpton, "confrontation works." And confrontation may indeed work. But to what end? It works to end a legal barrier to progress, but progress will not follow for everyone unless everyone is ready to make progress. If history, the legacy of slavery, the effects of migration, or the collapse of public services impedes those not equipped to seize the opportunity, they will be left behind. And for them the next round of confrontation will be mounted not to achieve any goal, but to denounce their condition.

Many of the confrontational agitators portrayed by Jacoby were animated by a hostility to "the system." But no decision could have altered "the system," because no action, public or private, determines what the system is. Sonny Carson, Roy Innis, and Herman Ferguson were New York street fighters, and they had no program, other than "ending oppression"; but they became part of the school community control program. A lot of Ford Foundation money went straight into their pockets. Some of Lindsay's aides spent days courting these people in order to promote peace, apparently never grasping the point that the street fighters thrived on the opposite of peace. Nor did the fighters represent the people. Most blacks, when interviewed, shared many grievances about white society, but they felt that neighborhood riots did more harm than good. And the slogan of "black power" did not have much public resonance. About four-fifths of African Americans said they wanted to work, live, and school their children among whites. Lindsay listened to the street fighters and not to the people.

An even sadder story unfolded in Detroit. The massive riots in 1967 moved the city's business leaders to organize a New Detroit Committee that not only listened to, but also spent money on, the street fighters. It was Lindsayism transplanted to Michigan, and even less effective there. Frank Ditto, who led a street gang and wrote newsletters urging that police officers be killed, got $250,000. Jacoby estimates

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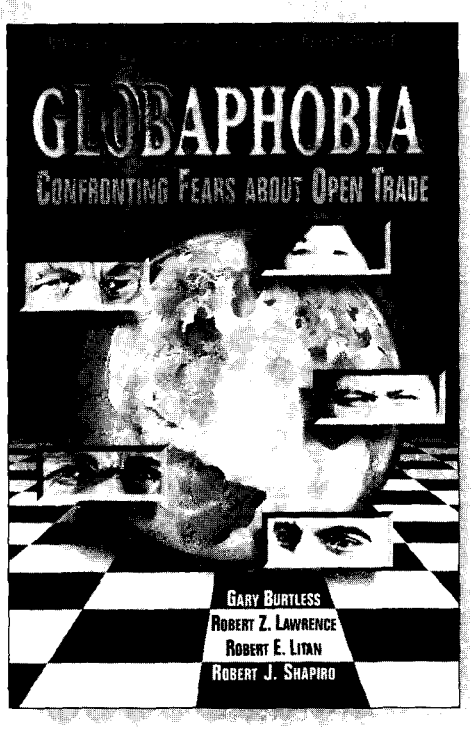

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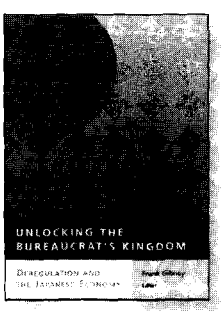

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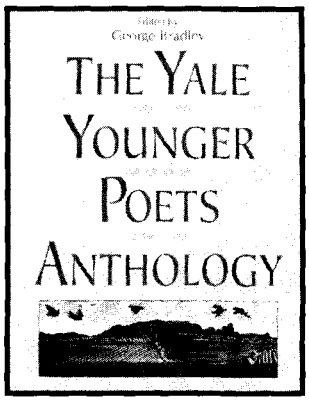

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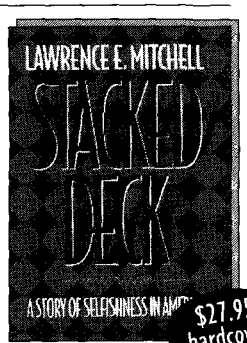

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that much of $10 million the Committee spent was for "thinly disguised riot insurance." Little of the spending helped ordinary people.

The Detroit Police Department had a sorry history. It was often heavily tainted by racism, and much in need of serious reform. But the real changes that occurred tended to make matters worse. Judge George Crockett, later a member of Congress, made a practice of releasing arrested blacks who came before him, on the grounds that "the law is [a] camouflage ... for racism." When Coleman Young, a tough union radical who detested Walter Reuther, became mayor in 1974, he made police reform his highest priority. Reform was needed, and Young did some useful things (such as abolishing some controversial police programs), but his real agenda was not to make the police better, it was to make the police blacker. (There, too, reforms were needed, since blacks had long been kept in all-black precincts and denied much chance of promotion.)

Yet Young was not content with ending abuses. He ordered that police living outside Detroit (they were almost all white) be fired. He divided promotion lists into two parts, one white and one black, and directed that for every white promoted, a black had to be promoted as well. He insisted that the department be half black, and within a few years it was headed in that direction. Some of these gains were made by loosening or ignoring recruitment standards. Many applicants were allowed to take the same exam repeatedly until they passed, or were given the answers.

Meanwhile the city's crime rate shot upward. So did crime rates in almost all American cities, but the Detroit rate went up faster and higher. The murder rate rose by over 50 percent in just three years. Whites fled the city. A majority of blacks said they wanted out, too, though their suburban living choices were fewer. And when an all-black police unit was sent to control a black riot, the officers were ignored and assaulted as if they had been white. "The police," whatever their color, were the enemy to restless youth. Already weakened by economic forces and population movements, Detroit collapsed under Young's leadership. But his hold on his voters never wavered. He was a street fighter elected to be mayor; and by affirming black pride, he survived every challenge.

In 1950, Atlanta and Birmingham, just 120 miles apart, were the same size. By 1970, Atlanta was the capital of the New South, and Birmingham was still struggling to overcome its national reputation for racism. Atlanta had grown in part because white and black leaders had worked to make it the city "too busy to hate," a thriving economic area with middle-class whites and blacks making rapid progress and supporting a common political system. Black leaders, of course, were junior partners in this collaboration, since white leaders controlled most of the wealth and power; but African Americans seemed willing to bide their time and let rewards flow to their patience. With six predominately black colleges and a well-established black business center, African Americans in Atlanta had some resources to make their patience bearable.

In 1973, Maynard Jackson, a black, became mayor. Like almost every other mayor, he made police reform his highest priority. To Jackson, reform meant race—that is, putting blacks in charge. The effort was controversial, especially since his first choice as chief, Reginald Eaves, was constantly in trouble for various scandals, and since crime rates in Atlanta, as in Detroit, shot upward. For many of his followers, however, race was in fact as important as crime. When, between 1979 and 1981, dozens of black children were found murdered, many assumed that the suspect was white. The Atlanta police were denounced, even though they were led by a black chief who reported to a black mayor. And then, unexpectedly, a largely black jury convicted a black man named Wayne Williams of the murders. Opinion among many African Americans did not change. Williams was called a "scapegoat" for white villainy.

But Atlanta had an opportunity—and a problem—that Detroit lacked. Money poured into Atlanta, and increasingly it had to be spent under strict affirmative action guidelines designed by the mayor. Many new buildings, and stations along a new commuter rail line, and Atlanta Underground (an inner-city shopping and entertainment area) were built under agreements that required extensive black participation. Many people hoped this would recruit hundreds of new black businesses, but in fact most of the money either went to a small number of black contractors or was funneled through black fronts (what Atlantans call a "rent-a-skin" program) to white firms. In 1980 the *Atlanta Journal* reported that over half the affirmative action money never got to legitimate black businesses. One black firm provided the minority quota for two-thirds of all the big building projects. Few new firms were formed; and of those that were, few lasted.

When the Supreme Court ruled that public contracts could not be awarded

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on racial grounds except when necessary to compensate for clearly established past patterns of racial discrimination, Atlanta commissioned a study to prove that racism had influenced contracting in the past. The study showed (wrongly, according to Jacoby) that racism had determined contracts—at which point Atlanta passed a new ordinance that repeated a law that seemed plainly at odds with the Court's ruling. So have countless other cities.

These fine books raise a fundamental question: Can the political will be summoned to pursue a strategy of making skin color less relevant in public life? The answer, so far, is no. Race may have become less important in private affairs; race may dominate fewer private judgments about human conduct; and a growing economy may now be contributing to the increased material well-being of members of all races. For many middle-class blacks, however, race remains a constant reminder of their difficulty in being judged solely as individuals, and for many low-income (and young) blacks, race is an explanation for the gains that they have not made. And since they confront angry or frightened people at the moment of their deepest anger or their greatest fear, the police are the most likely public agency to be caught up in the whirlwind of racial passion. For Los Angeles to have a black police chief, even one as competent as Bernard Parks, is no guarantee that rage and rioting will not occur again.

Cannon infers no future policy from his trenchant analysis, and Jacoby can only offer possibilities. She calls, naturally, for "better leadership," but she offers no reason for thinking that our political system will provide it, even assuming that we knew what it meant. She believes that incentives work better than heavy-handed engineering, and of course she is right—but affirmative action is an incentive, and it, in her account, did not work. She alludes to incentives that might work better (such as school choice), but she does not explore them. And she thinks that integration cannot succeed without acculturation. This, I suspect, is quite true. She points out that "acculturation," that suspect word, does not mean the abandonment of racial pride or ethnic tradition. It means learning to speak and to write good English, and growing up in families where everyone learns to expect a job.

Yet Jacoby also reminds us of the famous, prescient words of Du Bois, who diagnosed the ambivalence of American blacks about integration: "One feels his two-ness, an American, a Negro, two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled

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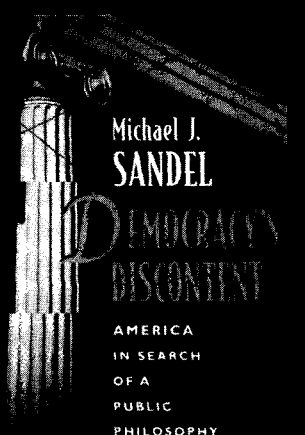

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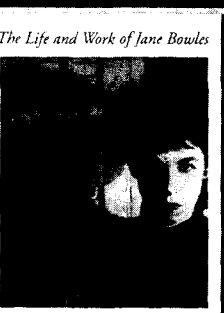

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strivings, two warring ideals in one dark body." Not only do many African Americans today suffer from "two-ness," a desire to be both black and American; but a part of that community stands wholly apart in a desire for oneness, a desire to be entirely black, enraged at what America, in their view, has done to them, and eager to support anyone who denounces it.

We are at mid-stream in our efforts to produce a society in which whites and blacks can live together decently well. Such a transformation is still decades away, and in this time there will be more riots, more suspicion, and more political manipulation. The vast gains that many African Americans have made—the gains portrayed at length in the Thernstroms' book—coexist with a deep layer of anger, distrust, and confusion, and this deeper discontent claims as its chief victims young people who lack fathers, schooling, and a belief that the future will be shaped by their own efforts and not by a shadowy and threatening Them.

These books are reports from the nation's halfway house, perilously balanced between extraordinary accomplishments and thinly controlled rage. My grandchildren, I believe, will inherit a different world, a world in which more Americans will have learned to live peaceably. The increasing rate of interracial marriages is a sign of what may happen: more individual acceptances of difference that presage wider group tolerance. Perhaps there will then fade the historically flawed view that whatever afflicts blacks, whites are the cause of it. That view simply cannot be true, for if whites are so powerful as to have caused all black problems, they must also be so strong as to cause all black successes; and as Orlando Patterson has pointed out, that is absurd.

In the troubled meantime, it would be useful to remind ourselves that most people, white or black, especially the great majority who never get on television, want tolerance, and are alarmed by street fighters in or out of office. And to remind ourselves also that, whatever people want, electoral politics often brings out the worst in us.

JAMES Q. WILSON is the author of *Moral Judgment* (BasicBooks) and *The Moral Sense* (Free Press).

Communism, McCarthyism, and the truth.

The Two Evils

BY RONALD RADOSH

The liberal journalist Nicholas Von Hoffman created something of a storm when he wrote in *The Washington Post* in 1996 that "enough new information has come to light about the communists in the U.S. government that we may now say that point by point Joe McCarthy got it all wrong and yet was still closer to the truth than those who ridiculed him." Von Hoffman's article was widely viewed as a retrospective endorsement of McCarthy's crusade. What he was actually arguing—and bringing up the ghost of the indecent Senator only confused the issue—was that those who saw American Communism as a serious threat to our democracy were not far from the mark; and liberals who ignored or belittled the Communist danger were just plain deluded. As Von Hoffman put it, "the Age of McCarthyism, it turns out, was not the simple witch hunt of the innocent by the malevolent as two generations of high school and college students have been taught."

Many Are the Crimes: McCarthyism in America
by Ellen Schrecker
(Little, Brown, 573 pp., $29.95)

The Soviet World of American Communism
by Harvey Klehr, John Earl Haynes and Kyrill M. Anderson
(Yale, 378 pp., $35)

Now, with the publication of these two books, we are finally able to take a long look back at that tumultuous period, and to render judgment about these hotly contested questions. One thing is certain. Without American Communism, there could not have been McCarthyism. And without the bugaboo of McCarthy and his unprincipled methods, American Communists would not have had the perfect foil behind which to hide. It is the signal accomplishment of Harvey Klehr and John Earl Haynes, in collaboration with their Russian colleague Kyrill M. Anderson, to have provided definitive and overwhelming evidence that the American Communist Party was not a movement created by indigenous American radicals, but an organization controlled, financed, and run entirely by the leadership of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

This historical truth has not exactly been the common wisdom for scores of American historians. Thus Roy Rosenzweig has written that the American Communist Party was "an authentic expression of the American radical tradition"; and Gary Gerstle has written that, during the Popular Front, Party members were given an "opportunity to act on their genuine felt desires to adapt their radicalism to American political traditions and practice." Communists may have belonged to a Party in debt to its Soviet heroes, but when push came to shove, they acted on the basis of what they sought to accomplish in their own American homeland. They may have stupidly followed Soviet leads, but they were first and foremost American radicals and American patriots. Or as Maurice Isserman, the dean of these historians, put it, American Communists shaped "the Party to fit their own needs and expectations."

Some American Communists certainly tried to do just that. But it is the accomplishment of Klehr and Haynes to show that, at every critical moment, the would-be Americanists in the Party had to adapt to Soviet instructions or face immediate expulsion from the Party's ranks. This, alas, is not the conclusion reached by Ellen Schrecker. Her book is not really about McCarthyism at all—despite its title. It presents instead her own interpretation of American Communism. For Schrecker agrees that the understanding of the Communist movement in America is essential for an understanding of what happened during the McCarthy years. It is apparent from the start, however, that Schrecker is one of those scholars who are engaged in what might charitably be called the attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of the American Communist Party.

Rather than focus on what she calls "the party's sins and virtues," Schrecker pledges to examine how the Party

RONALD RADOSH is Senior Research Associate in the Center for Communitarian Policy Studies at George Washington University. He is coauthor, with Harvey Klehr, of *The Amerasia Spy Case: Prelude to McCarthyism* (University of North Carolina Press).

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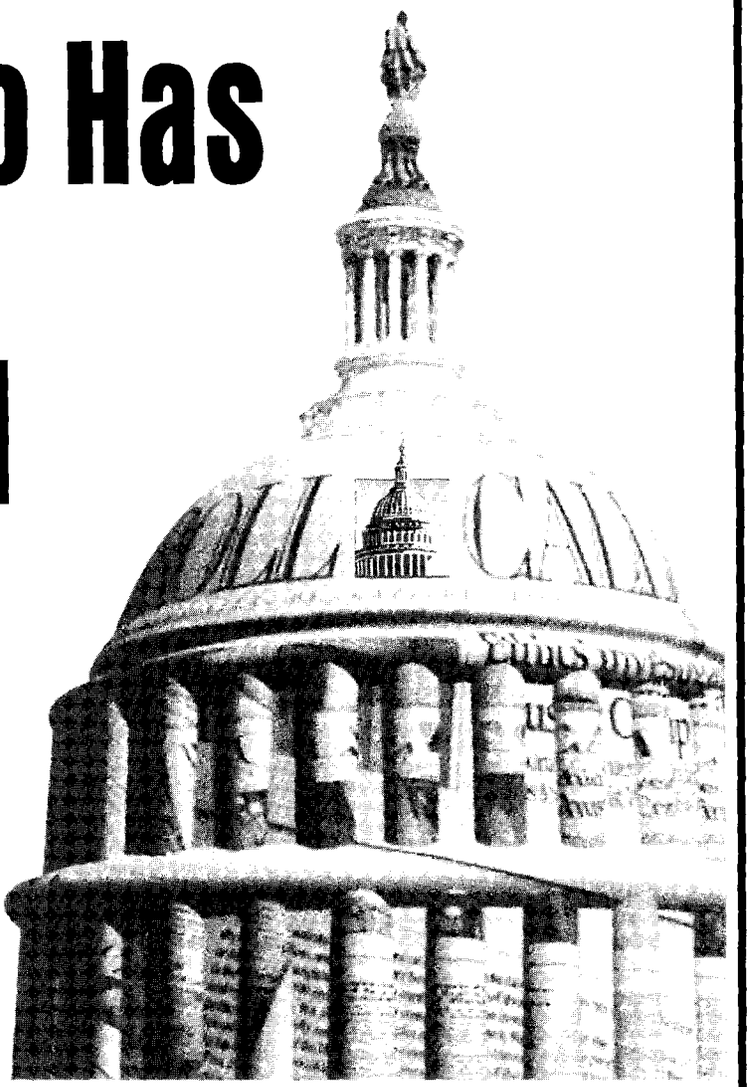

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Fresh and river-cool, the stump of a tree
Sits in the water at an angle.
The river is surprised by this,
Comes round and round to look.
Only the angle of the stump
As it slopes in the water
Shows where the tree was cut,
What a tree once was.
So at this angle, the water, as it laps over it,
Is surprised.

It is the angle that cuts the morning
Like a tree. And in this cut is gathered
Beginnings that wait along the river,
Stones poised along the bank,
Pressed yellow weeds, all holding the last snow
Just as it drips from the hilltop.
While in the river itself
The swirl round the tree, the cut tree, this wounded tree,
Is plainly baffled. What is it what is it?

Sometimes one surprise a morning is enough.
The shaved trunk of a tree with its chin in the water
At an angle, like a road that goes
Elsewhere than you remembered it,
Or going nowhere, closing just before you,
stopping at your feet,
plays dumb.

Or the look of the morning when the world,
Made fierce again over night,
Uncovers the pleats in the rock,
The splinter in the tree as it leans in the water.

The angle, the angle alone,
Turns the world over.
The stump gathers to itself
Its portion of river
Like a cow grazing in a field.

ALFRED KAZIN

"shaped the repression that was directed against it." Unlike many others, Schrecker acknowledges that most of those called before various Congressional committees to answer the momentous question—"Are you now or have you ever been a Communist?"—were indeed not innocent liberals falsely accused, but people who "had once been in or near the American Communist Party." Still, in her view they were good people, decent folk who, when the Great Depression hit the nation, "responded with actions as well as words." At a time of hopelessness and despair, the American Communists "were doing something." What they did, according to Schrecker, was put fire into social movements that were popular, progressive, and beneficial. They became "the unofficial left wing of the New Deal ... supplying manpower and leadership for a wide array of social reform movements and progressive political groups." If you like the New Deal and FDR, you must look favorably upon American Communism in the '30s and '40s.

Schrecker's view of American Communism is the antithesis of the view taken by Klehr and Haynes. They believe that

> the CPUSA has always ... been a satellite, first of the Comintern and later of the Soviet Communist party. The ties between the two organizations ... existed on every level. The Soviets established the ideology, provided the money, chose or approved the leaders, and monitored the tactics of the Americans. With only a few exceptions, American Communists *did not question* the Comintern's right to exercise that control: they freely subordinated themselves to Moscow. Any who felt that the CPUSA should enjoy autonomous authority found themselves unwelcome in the party.... The professions of loyalty that American Communists delivered to the Comintern at their height of enthusiasm for world revolution during the Third Period and those they offered just a few years later, when they were loudly proclaiming Communism Is Twentieth Century Americanism during the Popular Front period, were practically identical.

But Schrecker's apologetics are sophisticated. She is a professional historian, and so she must appear to take into consideration the new evidence, recently extracted from archives in Moscow, that has led people such as Klehr and Haynes to reach their own conclusions. She knows that the Communist Party had a "Leninist structure"; that its members always "seemed to be engaged in a constant struggle to find and apply the correct line"; that the years of the Nazi-Soviet Pact led the Party to abandon its once heralded antifascism, and that hence it "destroyed the CP's coalition with American liberals"; that the Party "seemed to condone" the Soviet terror. She knows even that the Party "harbored an underground offshoot that seems to have been at the service of the Kremlin."

Still, all this historical knowledge does not prevent Schrecker from finding a redeeming quality to American Communism. The Party's secrecy and deception, she writes, was nothing but a form of self-protection, an "understandable—though deleterious—response to the official and unofficial harassment that it often faced." Was the American Communist Party "a progressive political reform movement or a revolutionary Soviet-led conspiracy?" Her ingenious answer is simply that

> it was both—and more.... On the one hand, the CP was a highly disciplined, undemocratic outfit that tried to apply Soviet prescriptions to American ills. On the other hand, it was also a genuinely forward-looking organization that stimulated many of the most dynamic political and social movements of the 1930s and 1940s. And it was often both at once.

The Soviet tie, according to Schrecker, along with the outrageous orders that the Party issued to its cadres, did not interfere with its ability to play a progressive role in American society and culture.

The small but cunning word "seems" turns up frequently in Schrecker's account. She uses it to imply a distinction between appearance and reality, so that she can claim that in reality the Communists were not serving the needs of the Kremlin first and foremost. When it comes to specifics, however, the ludicrous nature of her argument becomes

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plain. Consider her discussion of the Duclos letter—a missive to the American Communist Party published in the French Communist Party's theoretical journal in April 1945, under the French Communist leader Jacques Duclos's name.

In that letter, Duclos condemned Earl Browder, the leader of the American Communist Party since the 1930s, for "revisionism," for abandoning the class struggle, and for preaching a doctrine of peaceful coexistence between the United States and the Soviet Union at a time when imperialist war was looming on the horizon. Browder was quickly removed from his post. The broad Communist Political Association that he had created, as a social-democratic alternative to traditional Communist parties, was dissolved, and the official Communist Party was reconstituted. The Party leaders quickly condemned their recent hero in the harshest of terms. Browder himself was to argue that the Duclos letter was the first public declaration by Moscow of the coming Cold War.

Schrecker writes that "the so-called Duclos letter. . .—a supposedly Moscow-inspired criticism of the American party that the French Communist Jacques Duclos published in his party's theoretical journal in April 1945—prompted the CP's leaders to change their line and drop Earl Browder. The speed of the about-face . . . seemed to demonstrate Moscow's control." There's that word again: "seemed." Schrecker goes on to note that the FBI and witnesses before the House Un-American Activities Committee regularly referred to this document, as if this is all you need to know. Her intention, clearly, is to denigrate the notion of Soviet control.

Unfortunately for Schrecker, Klehr and Haynes found conclusive evidence in the Party archives in Moscow that, as long suspected, the Duclos letter was conceived and written in Moscow. It was given to Duclos by the Comintern, most likely by Georgi Dimitrov, the Bulgarian head of the Comintern in the 1930s and 1940s who was tried (and acquitted) for the Reichstag fire in 1933, or by Andrei Zhdanov, Stalin's right-hand man; and he was ordered to publish it. Klehr and Haynes present three documents that prove, as they write, "that the article was not only written but published in Moscow in Russian; it was then translated into French and given to Duclos for attribution."

The significance of the letter, as Klehr and Haynes explain, was that "the party reversed its strategy from cooperation with established liberal and labor leaders to a policy of opposition to anyone who

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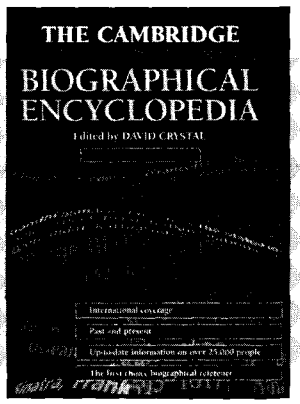

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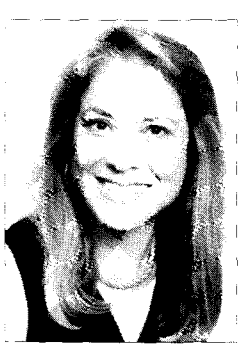

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did not support American accommodation of Stalin's postwar goals." They speculate that, by having the French Communists appear to be the authors of the condemnation of Browder, the Soviets may have "hoped to avoid alerting American leaders prematurely to the anticipated change in Soviet policy." They write that this new proof of the Duclos letter's Soviet origins does indeed "lend additional weight to the view that it constituted the first salvo in Stalin's confrontation with the West."

Consider another example of Schrecker's rosy and short-sighted view of the Party's independence in America. It concerns the position taken by the American Communists on the use of the Smith Act by the Roosevelt administration during World War II. This was the act of Congress that was used by the Truman administration in 1948 to indict and to try American Communist leaders for advocating overthrow of the government of the United States by force and violence. Civil libertarians argued, with good reason, that those indictments were based on an interpretation of the ideas held by Communists, and not on any overt acts of subversion that they committed. The Communists, of course, took the position that the arrests and the eventual imprisonment of their leadership demonstrated that the United States was entering into a prefascist period.

But the first use of the Smith Act against Communist dissenters occurred in June 1941, when the Roosevelt administration indicted 29 leaders of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party, all of whom were active in the Teamsters Union in Minneapolis. The government, as well as other antiradical Teamster leaders, wanted the Trotskyist local crushed. Since the SWP was opposed to World War II as an imperialist war, its labor leadership was not in favor of the no-strike pledge that had been formulated by the CIO and endorsed by the Communists after the United States had declared war. This indictment prefigured the one in 1948, and the basis of the prosecution was the same: the ideas of the Communist leaders, the testimony of former members of the Party, and documents that purportedly showed their desire to use force against the government.

Schrecker writes that the administration "seriously eroded the constitutional barriers to a future attack on the CP by obtaining rulings that enshrined national security as a justification for political repression," and that the "administrative structure of the coming assault on Communism was being erected." As for the attitude of the American Communists toward this prosecution of the Trotskyist sect in 1941, Schrecker writes: "Though the CP's leaders realized that the law might someday be used against their own party, their wartime loyalty to FDR and hostility to Trotskyism kept them from speaking out against the Minneapolis prosecution."

Her words are amazing. Every student (well, almost every student) of American Communism knows that the Communists supported and applauded the prosecution of the Trotskyists. *The Daily Worker*, for example, editorialized that "the leaders of the Trotskyist organization which operates under the false name of 'Socialist Workers Party' deserve no more support ... than the Nazis who camouflage their Party under the false name 'National Socialist Workers Party.'" Schrecker suggests that their support was reluctant, and reflected only their fidelity to serving the needs of the Roosevelt administration. Their basic instinct, she implies, was to speak out against the indictments.

Schrecker should know better. One of the sources that she cites for her research are the papers of the late Philip Jaffe, Earl Browder's confidant and benefactor. He was a major financier of the Party and a key advisor to its leadership. And it is Jaffe who pointed out, in his privately published but widely available autobiography in 1976, that the conviction of the SWP "was achieved not without the help of the Communist Party."

Indeed, Jaffe points out that it was the Communist Party that "prepared for the Department of Justice an important collection of documents to help prove the guilt of the Socialist Workers Party. There were 14 documents in all, including a separate 24-page typescript report prepared by the CP for the prosecution, titled 'The Fifth Column Role of the Trotskyites in the United States.'" These documents emphasized the SWP's position that the war was an imperialist war, and that America's entrance had changed nothing. And the Party's own document for the Justice Department concluded that the SWP was essentially a "sabotage organization, concentrating upon the disruption of the war effort," acts that could easily be undertaken by a small group more efficiently. Hence its "underground influence is large," and was the basis of a "strong fascist weapon in America."

Jaffe observed accurately that the preparation of this material by the Communists was finally self-defeating, in that it helped "to prosecute another group under the same Smith Act that only a few years later was to send many Communist Party leaders to jail." Indeed, even when the Smith Act indictments were drawn up against the Communist Party, its leaders still clung to the belief that they were correct to support the Act's use against the SWP seven years earlier. Schrecker's view that the Communists reluctantly endorsed the prosecution is a figment of her ideological imagination, and a measure of the extent to which she prefers to give the Communists the benefit of the doubt.

With the availability of the Party's own archives in Moscow, along with Soviet and Comintern files relating to the Party, however, such misreadings can no longer be taken seriously. Klehr and Haynes provide sustained documentation that the American Communist Party was not an idealistic, forward-looking, progressive institution. It was an organization whose sole reason for being was to do Moscow's bidding.

For a start, what Klehr and Haynes found in the Moscow archives shows that even during the period when the Party supported FDR—the so-called second Popular Front, from the Nazi invasion of Russia to 1945—Moscow alone determined how the Party would operate in matters of policy, organization, and choice of leadership. Perhaps the most famous example of the Party's new approach was its slogan, "Communism Is Twentieth Century Americanism." As the American Party's liaison to the Comintern wrote to Dimitrov, the slogan was "the main theme under which the Party claims and carries forward the revolutionary and democratic traditions of America." It now appears that Stalin did not like the slogan; perhaps it suggested that Communism as it developed in America might acquire some autonomous authority of its own. In the summer of 1938, the Comintern let its liaison know that the slogan had to be abandoned, and never mind its popularity or its efficacy. The Party immediately stopped using it, despite continued queries from the membership about its sudden disappearance.

Documents obtained by Klehr and Haynes in Moscow also reveal the continued funding of the American Communist Party by Moscow, from its birth to the years immediately preceding the demise of the Soviet Union. Money was used for the retirement of old debts, for the salaries of Party officials, for overhead for their offices, for labor organizing, for legal defense costs. Funds came by courier as well as by laundered businesses, such as the one set up by Julius and Armand Hammer. The Comintern also funded the publishing efforts of the Party's American firm, International Publishers.

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The flow of funds was harder to arrange during World War II, but the Comintern somehow managed to get the money through to the American Party. The head of the American Party's covert arm, Rudy Baker, received the Soviet subsidies by mail drop. During the Cold War, when the Party's perceived ties to the Soviet Union had to be carefully concealed, the denial by Party leaders that they were receiving Moscow gold coincided with new mechanisms of transfer. Klehr and Haynes document $250,000 sent in 1959 alone, along with $50,000 for the Party's publishing unit. By 1965, the Party's subsidy had increased to a million dollars, no doubt an adjustment for capitalist inflation.

Ironically, and absurdly, the largest amount of funding occurred in the 1980s, during the Reagan years. Klehr and Haynes publish signed receipts by American Communist chief Gus Hall that show that by 1987 the Party was receiving an annual subsidy of $2 million. The sum was deemed too puny by Hall, who requested an additional $2 million, seeing as how his Party was toiling "in the decaying heart of imperialism." The following year the subsidy was increased to $3 million. The subsidy came to an end only when Hall attacked Gorbachev for revisionism.

As usual, the American Communists argued that they would not disclose the source of their funds, since disclosure of contributors would expose their members to McCarthyite political harassment. Yet the Communists managed to avoid legal exemption from American campaign finance laws, and they continued to violate American laws on currency, customs, and registration of foreign agents. The cry of McCarthyism became a familiar vehicle behind which to hide their illegal activities.

There are two other major revelations in the research of Klehr and Haynes that need to be noted. They found that the American Communists not only sanctioned the horrendous repression of the Stalin era, but also allowed the Soviet leadership to imprison and even to kill American Communists who had gone to serve the Revolution. They acquiesced in the destruction of their comrades without the slightest protest.

For the first time, Klehr and Haynes tell the melancholy story of Lovett Fort-Whiteman, a black American Communist leader who has been more or less written out of the histories produced by pro-Soviet historians of the American Party. Having lost his leadership position after a change in the Party line in 1928, Fort-Whiteman received the order to move to Moscow to work for the Comintern, where he became, for a short time, the voice of the black American Party in Moscow. Within five years, however, he was accused of Trotskyism, which was a virtual death sentence.

Denounced at a special meeting in Moscow attended by Earl Browder, Sam Darcy (a member of the Central Committee), and the Comintern leader Gerhardt Eisler, and denounced later in Moscow by the black American Communists William L. Patterson and James Ford, Fort-Whiteman was arrested and sent to the Gulag. Records discovered by Klehr and Haynes reveal that eventually he was sent to northeastern Siberia, to serve a sentence of five years' hard labor. An NKVD death certificate shows that he died on January 13, 1939, at the age of 44, at the Sevostlag labor camp. (A similar fate, as Klehr and Haynes reveal, was waiting for scores of American Finnish Communists who had gone to work for the Soviet Union, only to be met with imprisonment and death.)

The American Party also excelled in the display of what Klehr and Haynes call the "imported hatred" of "Trotskyites," social democrats, and any and all opponents of Stalin. This hatred had little to do with social conditions in America. It was owed, rather, to the fierce endorsement of Stalin's murderous designs upon his enemies, and to the Party's belief that the Soviet Union was a heaven on earth and that all its opponents had to be destroyed. The vehemence paid off. Browder was able to report that the American Communists' castigation of Trotsky and his followers as counter-revolutionary fascists had succeeded in causing prestigious members of the liberal Left to attack John Dewey's commission, which met in Mexico to hear Trotsky's defense against Stalin's condemnation.

At other times, demands by the Party for self-censorship were taken into consideration by noted mainstream journalists. Klehr and Haynes provide devastating documentation that Edgar Snow, the famed journalist whose book *Red Star Over China* first acquainted Americans with Mao Zedong, willingly altered his account to satisfy demands by American CP leaders. In the first edition of his book, Snow penned some lines that the Communists construed as criticism of the Comintern and Stalin, and he also gave space to Trotsky's criticism of Stalin's policy toward China. Most readers found Snow's book sympathetic to the Chinese Communists, but the exceptions were not to be taken lightly. The Party moved immediately to attack the book as "Trotskyist poison."

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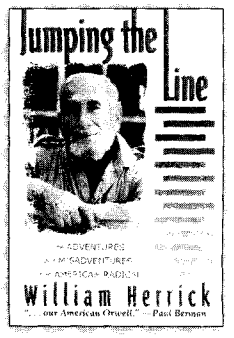

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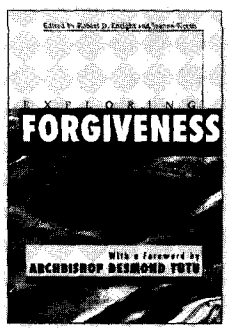

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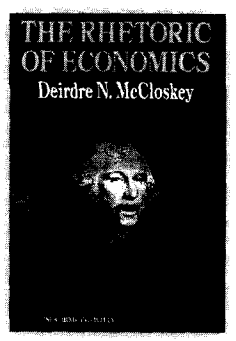

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There is persistent pressure on Israel to bring "sacrifices for peace." It is understood that these "sacrifices" refer to greater "flexibility" in dealing with the Arabs, but mean primarily that Israel should allow its dismemberment, in order to bring peace to the region.

What are the facts?

A Bizarre Concept. The concept to bring "sacrifices for peace" is a new one that has never before found application in world history. It was created by Arab propaganda to induce Israel to agree to its dismemberment, to give strategic assets to those who are determined to destroy it.

Since its creation in 1948, Israel has been subjected to almost constant Arab terror, to unceasing Arab aggression, and to three major wars. In the Six-Day War, it recovered its heartland of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; it captured the Golan Heights from Syria, which had been used for decades to shell and spread terror over much of northern Israel; and it conquered Gaza and the Sinai Desert that had been used by Egypt as staging ground and invasion route to Israel.

Many Sacrifices for Peace. In order to achieve peace with its neighbors, Israel brought sacrifices for peace that have no precedent in the history of the world. For peace with Egypt, Israel returned the entire Sinai. There is little thanks on the part of Egypt for this generosity and this sacrifice for peace. The controlled Egyptian press spews daily anti-Israel venom. President Mubarak has never visited Jerusalem. It is the coolest possible peace. A sacrifice for peace brought in vain—probably a major act of folly on the part of Israel.

Israel made sacrifices for peace by signing a peace treaty with Jordan. In that peace, Israel granted Jordan a large yearly allowance of fresh water from its own dwindling and meager resources and accepted a petty demand for "border rectification"—yielding of land. As for Syria, no offered sacrifice for peace seems to be sufficient to satisfy its dictator, President Hafez Assad. He is unwilling to consider even an ice-cold peace, except for Israel's total surrender of the Golan Heights. Fortunately, under the current Israeli government such a surrender is not in the cards.

The greatest sacrifice for peace that Israel has brought was the resuscitation of the bankrupt and moribund PLO terror organization and the acceptance of it "chairman" Yasser Arafat as a negotiating partner. In this ill-advised process, foisted on Israel by world pressure and by its previous government, Israel has made far-reaching and existential sacrifices and concessions. It has yielded control of the Gaza Strip and of all major "West Bank" cities to the Palestinian Authority and has agreed to detailed plans to grant further autonomy to the Palestinians. In what is probably the ultimate folly in this process, Israel has tolerated the formation of a Palestinian "police force" (actually an army) of 40,000 men—the largest police-to-population ratio in the world (!)—and has equipped this "police force' with a complete arsenal of automatic weapons. As the world now knows, these weapons were turned on Israeli soldiers and civilians at the very first opportunity that the Palestinian leaders provoked.

Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police."

The Arab countries, not Israel, are killing peace in the Middle East. The PLO, apart from the bloody crimes that it has committed against Israel, has now established a virtual dictatorship in the territory allotted to it. In Egypt, thousands of Copts have been killed and their churches burned. President Assad of Syria has occupied Lebanon and has killed and tortured thousands. Iraq, under its dictator Saddam Hussein, is a rogue state attacking its neighbors and killing its own citizens. Saudi Arabia is a monarchical tyranny. Sudan is engaged in the systematic slaughter and enslavement of its black African people. How strange that nobody asks the Palestinians or any of the Arab states to bring any sacrifices for peace. Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police." Billy clubs are good enough for London Bobbies. Why should any more be needed to patrol Nablus, Hebron and Bethlehem?

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Fearing a loss of sales and influence, Snow wrote to the Party to apologize for not being politically astute, and to assure them that he "would destroy the entire third part of the book and rewrite it to the satisfaction of the CPUSA for future editions." A few months later, the publisher issued a revised edition, which dropped or changed the offending passages. The ban was lifted, and so Communist-led CIO unions distributed Snow's book free of charge to American military personnel during World War II. Thus the Communists were powerful enough to pressure a supposedly independent journalist into revising portions of his book that Party leaders found unacceptable.

The Communists, who were an appendage of the Soviet Union, were indeed a threat to American national interests. Those secret Communists who held high positions in the United States government, as well as key spots in the upper echelons of the Roosevelt administration, could be expected to use their positions to further serve the interests of Moscow. This has been established definitively, as readers of this magazine already know, by the thousands of pages of Venona Project files that have been released during the past few years by the CIA and NSA. Senator Moynihan has suggested that, had the results of the Venona intercepts been communicated to Harry S. Truman and made public at the time, the American government might well have acted to curb the traitors within its ranks, thereby establishing clearly the nature and the scope of the domestic Communist threat, and depriving McCarthy and the Republican opposition of the ammunition that they exaggerated and abused.

The Venona papers show conclusively that there was serious Communist penetration of the government of the United States, and that secret Communists in Washington were passing on whatever information they could to their KGB contacts. The files demonstrate that the American Communist Party established secret caucuses in government agencies in the 1930s and 1940s, sought to influence their policies, and stole confidential and classified documents. Indeed, the various communications in Venona give strong support to the testimony of major Cold War anti-Communists, including Benjamin Gitlow, Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, and Louis Budenz. As Michael Dobbs—the reporter for *The Washington Post* who broke the story of Theodore A. Hall, the previously unknown top Soviet atom spy at Los Alamos—wrote, "the new batch of [Venona] documents ... describe the

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scope of Soviet intelligence activities during the period 1943-45, citing dozens of American agents, including many whose identities have yet to be established."

Those named as agents in Venona include War Department official William Ullman, intelligence officials J. Joseph Julius and Jane Foster, Harold Glasser of the Treasury Department, George Silverman of the Air Force, Nathan Gregory Silvermaster of the Board of Economic Warfare, and Harry Dexter White of the Treasury Department. These people were precisely those named as KGB agents by Elizabeth Bentley during the so-called McCarthy terror. At the time, of course, her testimony was ridiculed by most liberals as fanciful. If Bentley's naming of Soviet agents was red-baiting, as pro-Communists and their gullible followers charged at the time, then clearly the red-baiters were right. And this brings us back to Schrecker.

Schrecker's pages on the Venona revelations are so obtuse that they border on parody. About Bentley, she writes that "she was not a reliable informant.... The early statements of this melodramatic, unstable, and alcoholic woman seem slightly hysterical, filled with references—later edited out—to alleged advances from various men." While Bentley's later book may indeed have had elements of melodrama, her lengthy original FBI file is anything but that. It is detailed, carefully stated, and sober.

Upon receiving Bentley's statement, Schrecker writes, the FBI immediately tapped the phones of those she had named, and placed them under surveillance, but "they did not come up with much." And yet Schrecker coyly remarks that "it was clear that something had been going on," and that the new Comintern archives, as well as Venona, "corroborated parts of Bentley's story." Still, "little of this corroboration was available *at the time*." Schrecker's point seems to be that, since it was not until recently that the truth of Bentley's charges was proved, those who supported her account and sought to take action against espionage were engaging in a witch-hunt.

So let us look briefly at the case of Harry Dexter White, the Treasury Department official and chief architect of Bretton Woods and the World Bank, who has long been regarded as an innocent victim of McCarthy. Schrecker writes accurately that White was the "highest official linked to the supposed ring of communist agents." (Again, the disclaimer: there was a "supposed" ring.) As director of postwar financial planning for Treasury, and as the first American

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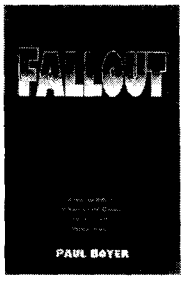

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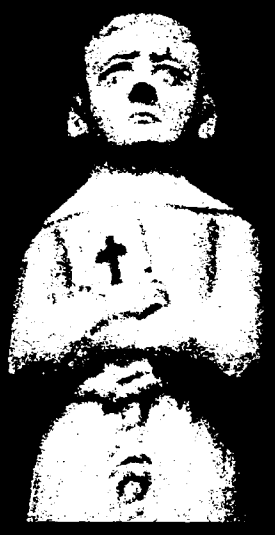

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director of the International Monetary Fund, White, as the FBI noted, was "in a position to secure favorable consideration for the USSR in financial matters," as well as to influence deliberations on international financial arrangements. After Bentley went public with her charges in 1948, White appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities and denied having any contact with Soviet agents. Three days later, he died of a heart attack—a victim of the witch-hunt, according to the Progressive Party's candidate Henry A. Wallace, who said that he had planned to appoint White Secretary of the Treasury if he won the election.

Was White a spy? After examining Venona files, Schrecker arrives at the conclusion that the documents "do not tell us ... whether some of the New Deal officials Bentley worked with were consciously spying for the Russians or just sharing confidences with political allies and friends." And her major "case in point," as she calls it, is "a cryptic Venona message reporting that Harry Dexter White believed the Soviets could get better terms on a loan than the American government had offered them." Was White "betraying his country or merely making small talk"? Venona "doesn't tell."

To evaluate whether or not White was a traitor, however, one has only to read the actual Venona papers on White. (They are available in their entirety on the Internet, posted on the NSA's Venona pages.) Readers will find eleven separate Venona messages about Harry Dexter White—cables that establish conclusively that White lied, and that his accusers Bentley and Chambers told the truth. In August 1944, for example, a deciphered cable reports on a meeting the previous month between Kolstov, the cover name of an unidentified KGB officer, and Jurist, which was White's cover name. The cable reads:

> As regards the technique of further work with us Jurist said that his wife was ready for any self-sacrifice; he himself did not think about his personal security, but a compromise would lead to a political scandal and the discredit of all supporters of the new course [i.e., those favoring a pro-Soviet foreign policy] therefore he would have to be very cautious.

The cable goes on to describe Kolstov and White discussing further meetings with the KGB, as Kolstov notes that White "has not suitable apartment for a permanent meeting place; all his friends are family people. Meetings could be held at their houses in such a way that one meeting [could take place] ... every four-five months." White also proposes infrequent meetings of half an hour while driving with a KGB agent in his car. Other cables pertaining to White show him discussing with the KGB a postwar loan to the USSR, reparations with Germany, the dispute over Poland between the Americans and the Soviets, and the American position on Stalin's annexation of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. When White complained that he was having trouble financing his daughter's college tuition on his government salary, the agent told him that Soviet intelligence would take care of her expenses, and that although he had previously turned down a regular Soviet subsidy, he was amenable to money for such special needs.

Some small talk! As for Bentley, she is identified in 13 separate Venona messages as what she told the FBI she was, a Soviet agent who was supervising rings set up by her lover Jacob Golos. Bentley named Nathan Gregory Silvermaster as the head of the largest apparatus with which she worked. Now, no less than 85 Venona messages deal with this network; but the best that Schrecker can say is that perhaps there was "something ... going on."

One KGB cable from New York relates that it was sending, by diplomatic pouch, 56 films handed over by the Silvermaster group. Bentley had testified that she rarely picked up less than two or three rolls of microfilm on each visit with Silvermaster; and she remembered getting 40 rolls on one visit. These films, according to the KGB cable, included photographic copies of 17 different stolen government reports. They included Board of Economic Warfare files on Germany and the Far East, a memo of FDR's on Lend Lease, a report by the American embassy in Spain on German assets, an analysis of American military industrial capacity, and a survey of German industrial organization.

Schrecker recognizes that there was espionage, but she claims that it did little harm. Much of it was simply political analysis provided clandestinely to a friendly ally. She cites with approval the Communist lawyer John Abt's memoir, in which Abt admitted belonging to the very secret unit cited by Chambers, but argued that, while their information reached the Kremlin, it was not of "much use." Perhaps Abt's information about agricultural policy was not useful, but others in different agencies surely provided more pertinent stuff. And Schrecker continues to argue that what is most important is that the ideological motives of those who spied were noble. They sought, after all, to build a more just and socialist world:

> Unlike Soviet agents later in the Cold War, the men and women who gave information to Moscow in the 1930s and 1940s did so for political, not pecuniary, reasons. They were already committed to Communism and they viewed what they were doing as their contribution to the cause.... While some espionage agents, like Fuchs, approached the Russians directly, others were recruited by the CP or, more commonly, by their own political associates who were already working with the Soviets. It is important to realize that as Communists these people did not subscribe to traditional forms of patriotism; they were internationalists whose political allegiances transcended national boundaries. They thought they were "building ... a better world for the masses," not betraying their country.

So if they did spy, they did no wrong. One has but to substitute Nazis and Hitler's Germany for Communists and Stalin's Russia, and the weakness (and the ugliness) of Schrecker's argument is immediately apparent.

Schrecker suggests that historians take "a more nuanced position and go beyond the question of guilt or innocence," to ask not only how dangerous the spying was, but why it took place. She asks that we not discuss it in "a monolithic way" that fails to make distinctions between "different types of spying and different types of spies," and she warns against "an exaggerated notion of the damage caused by Soviet espionage." But it is Schrecker who fails to have a "nuanced" discussion of Communist policy, and who underestimates the damage of the espionage. Thus she writes that the atomic information passed by Fuchs and Theodore A. Hall gave the Soviet Union the ability merely "to produce an atomic bomb a year or two sooner." Those good old Soviets. They would have done it on their own. But as Richard Rhodes and David Holloway have shown, the first Soviet bomb was an exact replica of the American product, and the plans for it were taken entirely from Soviet agents. Without the espionage, it would likely have taken many years for the Soviets to catch up.

Schrecker acknowledges that the "CP's obvious devotion to a regime that perpetrated such crimes against its own citizens rendered it difficult for party members and their allies to make a believable claim that they were (as many of them, in fact, were) genuinely committed to human rights. On the contrary, it became common to insist that because there were no civil liberties in the Soviet Union, Communists should not get them in the United States." But of course—and Schrecker nowhere notes this—

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there were anti-Communists on the Left, and liberal anti-Communists, who insisted upon civil liberties for Communists, who even opposed the Smith Act—who fought the Communists and McCarthy simultaneously. These people knew then—as Schrecker still does not know—that the Communists were not genuine advocates of human rights.

When Schrecker discusses the anti-Stalinist Left, it is to condemn them as McCarthyites. In her account, the socialist and left-wing anti-Communists "functioned as a kind of intelligence service for the [right-wing anti-Communist] network." They may have thought of themselves as different from the McCarthyite reactionaries, but they were only doing their work for them. It was the New York intellectuals, she writes, who aided the anti-Communist cause by developing the term "Stalinist" as well as the concept "totalitarian," both of which muddied the waters by failing to make "distinctions between Stalin's crimes and Hitler's and stressing the similarities rather than the differences between Communism and fascism." In allying themselves with the Right to oppose the Communists, and in refusing to accept a Popular Front with the Communists, the New York intellectuals made "their own ... contribution to the postwar wave of political repression." Indeed, "the New York intellectuals' depiction of Communism differed little in its main outlines from that of Joe McCarthy."

This is the purest slander. If McCarthy saw all liberals as proto-Communists, Schrecker sees all anti-Communists as McCarthyites. Her own mode of thinking is itself closer to that of the McCarthyites than she realizes. And she further confuses the right of voluntary organizations to exclude advocates of a totalitarian system from membership with the actions of a governmental or congressional committee that pilloried people and forced them out of jobs for political reasons.

Thus she raises as an example the famous expulsion of the Communist leader Elizabeth Gurley Flynn from the board of the American Civil Liberties Union, on the grounds that it was not appropriate for officers of that group to belong to an organization that defended totalitarian dictatorship. Flynn and her supporters argued, like Schrecker, that the hearing leading to Flynn's expulsion was a "harbinger of the McCarthy era's reliance on guilt by association." The ACLU charged that her affiliation with the Communist Party, "in and of itself, disqualified her as a civil libertarian." Schrecker argues that they "refused to acknowledge that individual Communists could operate independently of party orders."

Flynn was expelled in May 1940. Schrecker does not tell us what Flynn's position was on the Smith Act trial of the Trotskyists discussed earlier, which would be the logical standard by which to judge whether or not Flynn acted independently of the Party, by defending the civil liberties of the dreaded Trotskyites. The reason that Schrecker does not pursue this line of inquiry is obvious. It is that the truth is well-known. Instead, Schrecker is critical of the ACLU for succumbing to McCarthyism by not supporting the rights of Communists when they were tried under the Act in 1948. She writes that the ACLU, Americans for Democratic Action, and other liberal groups "put up little opposition to ... the Smith Act's incursions against the First Amendment." Somehow it was excusable when the Communists did the same thing.

And then there is the question of sabotage. Schrecker makes a great deal of noise about the North American Aircraft Strike in 1941. This was, as she writes, "the most dramatic of the communist-led defense-period strikes." In the middle of the war effort—and at the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact—the Communist-led aviation union affiliated with the UAW undertook a work stoppage at the North American Aircraft Company in California. Schrecker attributes the action to the need of the local to engage in militant action to fend off organizing attempts by a rival AFL local. Furious at the action, Roosevelt sent in troops to reopen the plant, and the Attorney General commented that they wanted to show that "war production could not be stopped by a Communist led strike."

This and two other strikes, one in California and the other at Allis-Chalmers in Wisconsin, took place in plants with major defense contracts. Were these strikes a result of "specific workplace disputes and internal union struggles," as Schrecker claims, or the result of a Party policy to make trouble for the American defense effort? The question, of course, is why the Communist Party would promote strikes during a major defense drive, when, after the invasion by Germany of the Soviet Union, legitimate grievances were willingly held at bay and the Party went overboard in promoting adherence to labor's no-strike pledge. Even then, after the Party line had changed, the effect of these two strikes was not forgotten. Schrecker quotes a liberal Justice Department official stating in 1942, after the Party's line had changed, that "if [the CP] becomes anti-

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war [again], American war industry may well be paralyzed.... Sabotage will be rampant."

When the Cold War broke out, such concerns again moved to the forefront. The Communist control of major CIO unions again became an issue. For Schrecker, of course, it is not at all an issue, since she has already argued that purely local matters precipitated the 1941 strikes. Again, we have Klehr and Haynes to disprove her. They print the cover letter of a large report by CP leader Eugene Dennis to the Comintern chief Georgi Dimitrov of April 1, 1941, a report that enclosed over 80 pages of specific accounts on different sectors of CP activity in America. Dennis had been sent to Moscow to represent the American Party before the Comintern.

The main thrust of the Dennis report was to show that CP activity in all sectors "centered on its opposition to Roosevelt's policy of providing assistance to Great Britain, then Nazi Germany's chief opponent." Moreover, Dennis assured Dimitrov that the "Left Wing in the CIO in which our Party is the decisive political factor [is] in the forefront of the struggle against the imperialist policies of the Roosevelt government." As Dennis wrote in the addendum on the CIO (it is not included in the Klehr-Haynes book), "the Left wing and progressive forces within the CIO have exercised an influential role in the development of the anti-war movement." Dennis continues to praise the Party's support of the "Yanks Are Not Coming movement" and the "American Peace Mobilization," two antiwar groups. He also reports that the Party union affiliates were showing "great militancy" in the waging of a "counter-offensive ... against the internal policy of the government," particularly through "the rise in strike struggles in the auto, aviation, farm equipment, radio and electrical industries." Thus Dennis specifically linked CP activities in the labor movement to strikes in American war industries! Exactly as the government suspected when Roosevelt sent in troops to North American Aircraft, the Communist Party had precipitated action for reasons of foreign policy. Local labor anxieties had nothing to do with it.

There was, of course, a real and awful phenomenon known as McCarthyism. But since Schrecker sees all anti-Communism as McCarthyism, she is not terribly penetrating on the subject. It is odd, in this regard, that she fails to discuss the argument of Richard Gid Powers in his important book, *Not Without Honor: The History of American Anticommunism.* Powers' point is that anti-Communism was a legitimate response to a serious threat; that those whom he terms "radical countersubversives"—crude anti-Communists such as McCarthy—only served to give a necessary movement a bad name. As Powers put it, McCarthy's "rabid charges that there were Communist traitors among the nation's most trusted leaders—the age-old fantasy of red web cultists—eclipsed the sober and truthful accounts of communism that anticommunists had provided over the past half decade, making anticommunism seem nothing more than the ravings of a dangerous madman."

For Schrecker, by contrast, there was only one kind of anti-Communism, and it was a variety of McCarthyism. McCarthy attacked the anti-Communist Left as well as the fellow travelers and accused them all of Communism; and Schrecker, like McCarthy, attacks all those opposed to Communism as McCarthyites—which makes the entire concept of McCarthyism meaningless. She calls those whom Powers describes as countersubversives an "ultraconservative" group of super-patriots and "right-wing activists." She goes on to claim that another part of the "many McCarthyisms" was a "liberal version that supported sanctions against Communists, but not against non-Communists"; as well as a "left-wing version composed of anti-Stalinist radicals who attacked Communists as traitors to the socialist ideal." Since they all had in common the desire "to protect the nation against the threat of domestic Communism," they were all McCarthyites, and they all "contributed in one way or another to the overall success of the anticommunist crusade." Schrecker would have a hard time dealing, say, with the famous pillorying of McCarthy by James Wechsler, the liberal anti-Communist editor of *The New York Post.* So she doesn't bother to deal with it. Nor does she note the many times that liberal and left-wing anti-Communists—from Sidney Hook to Diana Trilling to Irving Howe—condemned McCarthy and opposed him vehemently.

In Schrecker's view, the impact of McCarthyism was that it prevented the Communists from leaving "a more lasting legacy." She believes, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, that the repression of the Party "destroyed the possibility that it might have evolved into a more authentic American radicalism." The "institutional and ideological infrastructure of the old left" was wiped out; its activists could not pass on their lessons to the New Left, and thus American politics was deformed by the destruction of American Communism. Schrecker continues to see the culture of American Communism as admirable, praising what she calls the "internationalist sensibility that characterized American Communism." She accuses anti-Communist scholars of overlooking "the more positive elements of its international program."

Schrecker also claims that, although many of their international concerns were "often originating in the Kremlin, many of the causes the CP supported—like the Spanish Republic or the independence of Israel—had value on their own." This is utterly disingenuous. The Soviet intervention in Spain included as its *sine qua non* the complete takeover of the Spanish Republican government, as well as the crushing of the anarchist movement and the introduction into Spain of the NKVD. As for Israel, the Soviet Union's initial support for the creation of the Jewish state was conceived in the context of Soviet anti-British policy; and as most everyone knows, its support was short-lived, as Stalin quickly moved to endorse the side of the Arab states that did not look kindly upon "the independence of Israel," or its existence.

If there is anything of value in Schrecker's attempt at a resurrection of the American Communist Party's reputation, it is that she calls a Communist a Communist, and does not accede to the old shibboleth that those who were called before committees or who lost their jobs were innocent liberals. The late Eric Breindel used to say that the one sure legacy of McCarthyism seems to be that one can no longer call a Communist a Communist. Thus, when Angela Davis is profiled, she is simply referred to as a former '60s black activist, rather than as a former leading American Communist; and when *The Nation* some years back ran an article by the economist Victor Perlo, a Communist named in Venona as a KGB spy, he was identified simply as a former "New Deal economist." (Venona reveals that as head of his own network of Communists in the government, Perlo made trips to New York to drop off documents for the NKVD. He passed information on America's first jet fighter, as well as plans for production of military equipment and government estimates of American postwar economic prospects.) But Schrecker does not want sympathy for the "victims" because they were falsely accused of Communist ties. She wants us to understand that the targets of the Red-hunters were Reds or those close to them; and this, as I say, is a kind of progress.

But Schrecker wants us also to believe that they were targeted precisely because they were effective organizers for all that is good and progressive. Her analysis represents a rather ingenious retrenchment of the old apologetics. In her eyes,

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the accused Communists were guilty as charged, but their guilt was minimal and excusable, because their activities did little harm and their motives were good. It is a clever defense, more honest than the old one but not a whit more persuasive. The newest evidence reveals that most of those accused by Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley were guilty of precisely what the two ex-Communists had accused them.

Anyway, there was no way for American Communism to evolve into a democratic social movement. With or without McCarthy, it would never have happened. Klehr and Haynes conclude about the last attempt to do so, when John Gates, a former commander in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, editor of *The Daily Worker*, and Smith Act defendant, tried in 1956 to reform the Party from within, and failed, that by trying to "put aside the Soviet myth, he was robbing the movement of its core identity. Their belief in Soviet perfection gave American Communists strength: their vision of the Soviet Union convinced them that it was possible to construct a utopian society and that by modeling themselves on the Soviet party, they could create a Soviet America." Indeed, when the Soviet myth finally lay shattered, it was only a short time before American Communism lay shattered, too.

Writing in these pages a few decades ago, Irving Howe declared that those loyal to the American Communist Party in the heyday of Stalinism "helped befoul the cultural atmosphere, helped bring totalitarian methods into the trade unions, helped perpetuate one of the great lies of our century, helped destroy whatever possibilities there might have been for a resurgence of serious radicalism in America." Howe was right, and the latest evidence from Moscow has underscored the wisdom of his analysis. Nothing in Ellen Schrecker's book should cause us to reconsider his sober conclusion. •

The Roads Not Taken

By Michael Wood

The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle by Haruki Murakami translated by Jay Rubin

(Knopf, 611 pp., $25.95)

Fiction constantly concerns itself with the lives of others, with the lives that we are not living. But then someone is pictured as actually living them, and there remains a purer, more speculative possibility, which is the life that no one is living except as an act of the fearful or desiring imagination. Fully realized pictures of this second life are quite rare in fiction, for reasons that are perhaps not as self-evident as they would seem. Why (we could ask, grumbling and sturdily resisting fashion) would a world which is already fictional, already an alternative to what we think of as history, offer a picture of yet another alternative, except out of sheer artiness or a longing for complication, or a belief that the more meta, the better?

One answer is that pictures of alternatives are inextricably part of any world that we know. The road not taken is not just the road that we did not take. It is also the one that haunts the taken roads, that gets caught up in our choices among them. We can think of Henry James's marvelous late tales of other lives, notably "The Jolly Corner" and "The Beast in the Jungle," and of his unfinished novel *The Sense of the Past*; and maybe all ghost stories, James's and everyone else's, are representations of lives not lived. There are some brilliant enactments of parallel or forking lives in Borges and in some otherwise drab science fiction, but the ambition doesn't leak much out of that genre and those special places. It's as if writers and readers of fiction had signed a secret compact: only one life for each fictional person, and that life to be represented as real within the fiction, and all fantasy to be classified as such or confined to the heads of troubled or idealistic characters.

Haruki Murakami doesn't exactly break this compact, at least not all the time. But the other life is his great subject. "I have the impression," one of his characters says, "that elsewhere we may all have lived totally different lives, and that somehow we may have forgotten that time." "I let her words sink in," another says. "They weren't fact.

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They were possibility. Nothing more, nothing less, but the force of the possibility was shattering." And the same character insists, more violently, that "possibilities are like cancer. The more I think about them, the more they multiply." Well, maybe not like cancer, but much of the energy of Murakami's fiction comes from the tug of proliferating possibilities—always on the verge of realization, or already realized. He is not trafficking in fictional magic or spirit worlds, or even in the ordinary license of the imagination. He is asking, through fiction, how many lives are buried under the lives that we find ourselves living.

The question has an historical resonance, especially in Japan, with its glorified and then denied imperial destiny and its famous codes of cultural concealment. Perhaps psychological questions of this kind always edge us into history. In Murakami's novel *A Wild Sheep Chase* (1982), almost all the characters are in some sort of discreet disguise—though they themselves usually take these disguises for the truth. In *Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World* (1985), a character's unconscious life is artificially extrapolated and simulated on a computer, and then reinserted surgically, in the form of a kind of virtual movie, into the man's brain. He lives half his life (and half the novel) inside this simulation, but the other half of his life knows nothing of it. In *Dance Dance Dance* (1988), characters slip through a rift in time to an older, denied world, whose inhabitants cry the tears that cannot be cried in continuing, up-to-date life. "We shed tears for all the things you never let yourself shed tears, we weep for all the things you did not weep." And in Murakami's new novel *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* (it appeared in Japan in 1994 and 1995, in three separate volumes), an evil character is murdered (twice) on one level of the fiction and suffers a stroke on another. Then he is murdered again.

Born in Kyoto in 1949, Murakami has been enormously successful in Japan, and he has a growing reputation in this country. *Dance Dance Dance*, in particular, is a book that people have been murmuring about, and even reading. The four novels that I have mentioned have all been translated into English, along with a volume of short stories, *The Elephant Vanishes*. For reasons that I can only guess—Murakami's easy familiarity with American culture, perhaps—his work reads as if it had been written in Japan but not in Japanese. I'm not even sure that it was all written in Japan, since the biographical data on his books have him moving pretty frequently from east to west and back. *A Wild Sheep Chase* (1989) says that he lives in Tokyo. *Hard-Boiled Wonderland* (1991) says that he teaches at Princeton. *The Elephant Vanishes* and *Dance Dance Dance* have him living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* says he lives "near Tokyo."

Murakami has translated Fitzgerald, Carver, Capote, and other American authors into Japanese, but his main stylistic model, at least in the earlier work, seems to be Raymond Chandler—or rather Philip Marlowe, his tone and his imagery updated for the post-industrial city. Murakami is said to have "managed a jazz bar from 1974 to 1981"; this doesn't explain anything much in the fiction, but it helps to situate Murakami's musical and urban expertise. Here is a writer who not only knows Phil Collins, Iggy Pop, and Bananarama, but also remembers Mitch Miller and Al Martino. "The cherries bloomed," he writes in an excellent parody of post-Chandler cool, "and the blossoms scattered in the evening showers. Elections came and went, a new school year started. Bjorn Borg retired. Michael Jackson was number one in the charts in the whole time. The dead stayed dead."

Here is how one of Murakami's narrators describes himself to a woman whom he has just met:

> I have an old tomcat for a pet. Smoke forty cigarettes a day. Can't seem to quit. I own three suits, six neckties, plus a collection of five hundred records that are hopelessly out of date. I've memorized all the murderers' names in every Ellery Queen mystery ever written. I own the complete *A la récherche du temps perdu*, but have only read half. I drink beer in summer, whiskey in winter.

This may not sound like boasting, but it is boasting—or it is at least a claim to a certain battered style. Some time later the narrator tells us directly that he has "read *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Brothers Karamazov* three times through." He has read *The German Ideology* once, and he can recite the value of *pi* to 16 places. In Murakami's world, however, this man is not as unusual as he thinks. He is "crestfallen" when a chauffeur who is driving him home turns out to know the value of *pi* to 32 places, and to be slightly apologetic about the limits of his knowledge.

Murakami's main characters are usually male, in their thirties, tidy, keen on cooking, unaware of the disarray that hides behind their ordinariness. They work, or have worked, in law firms or advertising or magazine journalism. A wife or a girlfriend has recently left them, but this abandonment itself looks like a symptom of a larger loss. They strike up friendships with young girls, often damaged or isolated but somehow in touch with something the men don't know.

The men talk to us in the first person, and they are never lacking in cultural references. "The elevator shook like a large dog with lung disease." "I was on edge, irritable, as if trying to read station signs from a speeding train." "I felt like a tiny child in a De Chirico painting." "It was like watching an old Kurosawa movie from the very front row of a run-down theater." A hunger is said to be "as vast and boundless as the Sinai Peninsula," heads are "as empty as the young D.H. Lawrence's piggy bank." The hero of *Dance Dance Dance* wears a Keith Haring button, and tells us he is "not a snob who only goes to see Fellini or Tarkovsky." "When I awoke the following morning, it was April. As delicately rendered as a passage from Truman Capote, fleeting, fragile, beautiful. April, made famous by T.S. Eliot and Count Basie."

There are risks of glibness and cuteness in these endlessly multiplying references, but Murakami's characters are too troubled to be saved by their allusions, however coolly they try to scatter them. Quite often the allusions disclose the trouble. Murakami's tour de force in this line occurs close to the end of *Hard-Boiled Wonderland*. Our man is about to die, or more precisely he is about to come to the end of his physical life and live on only in the simulation that has been made of his unconscious. He decides to rent a smart car and to play a tape or two for his exit from what is, after all, the real world.

> I went to a record shop and bought a few cassettes. Johnny Mathis's *Greatest Hits*, Zubin Mehta conducting Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, Kenny Burrell's *Stormy Sunday*, *Popular Ellington*, Trevor Pinnock on the harpsichord playing the *Brandenburg Concertos*, and a Bob Dylan tape with *Like a Rolling Stone*. Mix 'n' match. I wanted to cover the bases—how was I to know what kind of music would go with a Carina 1800 GT Twin-Cam Turbo?

The narrator picks up his car, puts on the Dylan tape, tries all the switches and signals. The young woman from the rental agency asks if she can help, and the following dialogue ensues:

> "These computerized panels in the latest models are pretty complicated."
>
> "Which button do I push to find the square root of 185?" I asked.
>
> "I'm afraid you'll have to wait until the next model," she laughed. "Say, isn't that Bob Dylan you have on?"
>
> "Right," I said. "*Positively 4th Street.*"
>
> "I can tell Bob Dylan in an instant," she said.
>
> "Because his harmonica's worse than Stevie Wonder?"

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She laughed again. Nice to know I could still make someone laugh.

"No, I really like his voice," she said. "It's like a kid standing in the window watching the rain."

This is the only appearance of this woman in the novel, the narrator's brief encounter with a person who knows how to respond to jokes with jokes, but also how to let jokes go and say what she means. The fancy car, or more precisely the recital of the name of the fancy car, along with the ill-assorted and ponderously selected tapes, looks like a satire of certain consumer ideals (in the hour of your death you want a Carina 1800 GT, not some bottom-of-the-range, no-frills Datsun); but the joking exchange and the analogical definition of Dylan's voice suggest rather that style and specificity *are* important even in death. In the late twentieth century, as at other times, you build your ship of death with whatever materials come to hand. The pathos is not in the materials. The pathos is in your having to leave them, and in all the emotions that they help you to hold at bay.

What one of Murakami's characters calls the wind-up bird first appears in a story in *The Elephant Vanishes*. The bird screeches every morning, "sharp as a tightening spring," as if to set in motion the clockwork of the day. "This wind-up bird is there . . . in the trees of the neighborhood to wind things up. Us, our quiet little world, everything." In this story a cat goes missing, and our out-of-work narrator receives an obscene telephone call from a woman, and he meets a young girl who limps slightly as the result of a motorcycle accident. His wife comes home late from work; everything seems subtly wrong in this regulated household. The cat's continuing absence assumes new proportions, and looks like a verdict on the marriage. The telephone rings again.

Amplified again, this story becomes the first chapter of *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*. The wife acquires a name, Kumiko, and so do the narrator and the girl who limps: Toru Okada and May Kasahara. Kumiko disappears, she just fails to come home from work one evening. Toru has some more disturbing telephone calls and some odd visits. Everything seems slightly desultory for quite a while, and you wonder whether this book is just a short story in search of a larger world.

But then that world arrives and becomes the book. An old soldier tells a story of espionage and torture and death on the borders of Manchuria and Outer Mongolia in 1938. Toru meets a young woman who calls herself "a prostitute of the mind": he dreams that he has sex with her, and it is only a dream, but she knows about it, she has instigated it. "Only a dream" here means the thing has not physically happened, but Toru begins to wonder whether "dream" is quite the right word for this sort of stuff. "I have had relations with women in my dreams—or in some world that, within the limits of my vocabulary, I could only call a dream."

Toru spends more and more time in this territory, no longer having sex but exploring the rooms and the corridors of a mysterious dream-hotel, and at last beats his brother-in-law to death with a baseball bat. This world is not real, because the brother-in-law is still alive on the historical plane of the novel. Yet it is not entirely unreal either, because it leaves traces on its visitors, notably a black-and-blue mark on Toru's face, which he loses at the end of the book.

Kumiko doesn't return, but trying to get her back becomes the quest and the adventure of Toru's life. He meets an odd, rich woman, formerly a fashion designer, now some kind of medium, and he goes to work for her and her mute son. He listens to her stories, and reads the stories that the son leaves for him on a computer. These stories, like the old soldier's stories, take us back to the years before and during World War II, to the age of Japanese expansion and ruin, and the falling puppet state of Manchukuo. Among the stories, most spectacularly, is an account of an execution of the animals in a Manchurian zoo at the end of the war, because the Soviet army is advancing, and the creatures can no longer be fed. The rich woman's father was the veterinary officer there, and he was obliged to oversee the killing of "the tigers, the leopards, the wolves, and the bears":

> In the end, they did not kill the elephants. Once they actually confronted them, it became obvious that the beasts were simply too large, that the soldiers' rifles looked like silly toys in their presence. The lieutenant thought it over for a while and decided to leave the elephants alone. Hearing this, the men breathed a sigh of relief. Strange as it may seem—or perhaps it does not seem so strange—they all had the same thought: it was so much easier to kill humans on the battlefield than animals in cages, even if, on the battlefield, one might end up being killed oneself.

Or perhaps it does not seem so strange. The slaughter of the animals reveals the raw dying that is ordinarily hidden under so many reasons of state and war.

Murakami has made his novel a place where such revelations keep occurring. Their force is unmistakable, but it is not

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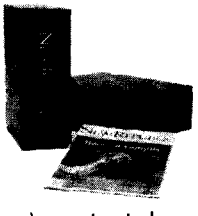
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at all clear what his characters (or his readers) can do about them. The defining feature of this world, which gives it an odd, much-filtered resemblance to the world of Kafka, is that metaphors cannot be relied on to stay only metaphorical. Toru's brother-in-law, a right-wing politician, speaks of people as having lost "all sense of direction." We should forget about them, he says, leave them to their error. "They might as well be deep in a forest or down in a well." Toru, who is precisely the type that the politician is describing, spends a good deal of the novel literally down in a well. This is where he makes contact with the other world that is not, or is not only, a dream.

A diviner consulted by Toru and Kumiko in the early days of their marriage instructs that they are not to resist the flow. Yet sometimes there is no flow. "It can be hard to wait for the flow to start, but when you have to wait, you have to wait. In the meantime, assume you're dead." This speech seems safely, vacuously metaphorical, and the irrelevance is confirmed by the old man's regularly taking off into his war memories, particularly those of the battle of Nomonhan, a desperate Japanese defeat by the Russians. The old man has a cryptic little haiku: "Dying is the only way/For you to float free:/Nomonhan." But then this hocus-pocus is also literalized by Toru's time in an actual (dry) well, and by the water's finally coming back and almost drowning him. And the remembered war connects all kinds of other memories of a time well before Toru's and Kumiko's birth. The novel is set in 1984 and 1985, and he is 30 when it starts.

Stories leak, similarly, into other stories. When features of his own life—his baseball bat, the mark on his face, the wind-up bird—appear in the old stories of Manchuria, Toru doesn't know whether he is looking at an eerie set of coincidences, or whether his own narrative has been borrowed and injected into the past. His provisional conclusion is that his own story has "eaten its way" into the others, but that the source of the material is less important than its use. His wind-up bird starts the day, and represents the fear that the day might not start, that the day could be born dead. But the wind-up bird in the Manchurian stories is the voice of "inescapable ruin": "People were no more than dolls set on tabletops, the spring in their backs wound up tight, dolls set to move in ways they could not choose, moving in directions they could not choose."

Characters regularly feel this way about their lives in this novel, and not only in memories of Manchuria. Toru realizes that what is happening to him suggests a kind of "circle, at the center of which stood prewar Manchuria, continental East Asia, and the short war of 1939 in Nomonhan. But why Kumiko and I should have been drawn into this historical chain of cause and effect I could not comprehend." The question could also be reversed. What is there about the lives of Kumiko and Toru in 1984-1985 that brings back the harsh old time? There is a legacy, of course. But what makes the legacy come alive, especially in the minds of those who know almost nothing about it?

There is not an easy answer to these questions. Murakami offers one large answer, but it seems too lurid and too programmatic. Toru thinks he has understood the power of his evil brother-in-law:

> He is trying to bring out something that the great mass of people keep hidden in the darkness of their unconscious. He wants to use it for his own political advantage. It's a tremendously dangerous thing, this thing he is trying to draw out: it's fatally smeared with violence and blood, and it's directly connected to the darkest depths of history, because its final effect is to destroy and obliterate people on a massive scale.

I know that there are those who feel this way about their in-laws, but even so. Slightly more persuasive is Kumiko's sense that she is enslaved to her hated brother by a dark complicity with him. "I was the chain that bit into my ankle, and I was the ruthless guard that never slept." This is why she has to take off and kill him. And more persuasive still is the rich woman's understanding of the cause of her son's muteness and her husband's violent and horrible death: "Something that *came out of those stories* snatched his tongue away. And a few years later, the same thing killed my husband."

Like many contemporary novelists—one thinks especially of Rushdie and García Márquez—Murakami invites us to regard history as both inescapable and hard to grasp, a violent haunting which comes to us as a set of conflicting narratives. It's not that history is fiction. Quite the contrary: too many stories are true. *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* does not quite find the precise and yet capacious form for which it is searching, and sometimes, I think, Murakami seems to be miming disarray rather than exploring it or unfolding it. Still, very few recent novels have so accurately or inventively caught the killing power, or the silencing power, of other lives and the stories of other lives, especially when they are imperfectly buried.

MICHAEL WOOD's new book, *Children of Silence: On Contemporary Fiction*, will be published by Columbia University Press in June.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 5*

perhaps even "most"—Christians failed to live up to their Christianity. The drafters were, I imagine, concerned that many would cynically use the document and its call to repentance for their own rhetorical or political purposes. Moreover, I suspect that the drafters' defensiveness on this score can be traced in part to years of revisionist history in which the Catholic Church has been recast as the source of not just the great evil of the Shoah but of every other evil besides.

Indeed, TNR provides just such an example of this revisionism by uncritically repeating the foul canard that Pius XII—whom TNR calls "that holy, horrible man"—was, as Rolf Hochhuth in *The Deputy* and others since have portrayed him, criminally "silent" during, and perhaps even complicit with, the Holocaust. But this is nonsense. It is, to use TNR's words, both "elementary and incontrovertible" that Pius XII repeatedly condemned both Nazi paganism and anti-Semitism and helped thousands of Jews escape genocide. Also, Pius XII was tormented by the knowledge that, by "doing more," or by more publicly confronting the Nazis, he might well do more harm than good. He was confirmed in this fear by the Nazis' brutal reaction against Jews in Belgium after the Catholic bishops there denounced the deportation and murder of Jews in Eastern Europe. And it is a matter of record that many Jewish and Christian leaders pleaded with the Pope not to protest the Nazis' murderous anti-Semitism more explicitly, and *not* to publish the denunciation he had drafted, because it would only have caused even more bitter persecution. As *The New York Times* remarked at a time (December 1941) when Pope-bashing was less fashionable than it is today, "The voice of Pius XII [was] a lonely voice in the silence and darkness enveloping Europe.... He is about the only ruler left on the continent of Europe who dares to raise his voice at all." It may be that Pius XII should have ignored the consequences and risked provoking the Nazis to even greater brutality so as to appear more righteous to us today. Perhaps, but even so, that would make him mistaken, not "horrible"—certainly not deserving of the scorn his memory has endured these past 35 years. And it is surely true that the Church must repent both for the failure of its members to stop the Shoah and for the conduct of its members in participating in it. As Catholics recite (or used to) each week, Christians must all seek forgiveness "for what we have done and for what we have failed to

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do." But this repentance need not be an occasion to soothe our guilt by dancing on the grave of Pius XII—that holy, if perhaps mistaken, man—or by sneering at *We Remember*.

RICHARD GARNETT
Arlington, Virginia

To the editors:

Your reading of the Vatican's *We Remember*, and the hostility toward Christianity therein, took me aback. Even the expressions of sorrow and penitence, sentiments that would have been inconceivable on the part of the Church a generation ago, are judged insincere and untruthful because they do not happen to conform to TNR's views on Christian history, the roots of modern anti-Semitism, or the actions of Pius XII. Given its rancor toward the Catholic Church, it is not surprising that the editorial could not resist a gratuitous swipe at the present pope for not reckoning as "honestly" with modernity as "many" in the Church, and presumably the editors of TNR, have.

ROBERT LOUIS WILKEN
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:

Two additional points should be made as to your eloquent lead editorial regarding *We Remember*.

You declare that "the few Catholic priests who preached courageously against Nazism are noted, as if they were the rule." Yet, of those specifically cited (Cardinal Faulhaber, Cardinal Bertram, and Monsignor Lichtenberg), Faulhaber sued an émigré group in Paris for libel when it praised him for an alleged anti-Nazi stand during Kristallnacht, while Bertram gave a solemn requiem mass and blessing in honor of Hitler following the German Führer's suicide. Lichtenberg did raise his voice in the wake of Kristallnacht and died a martyr at Dachau; his was the sole public protest among the clergy for the entire Catholic Church in Germany, which numbered more than 20 million.

As for your incisive critique of the Vatican's assertion that "the Shoah was the work of a thoroughly modern neo-pagan regime," I find it appropriate that the then-British delegate to the Holy See privately reported that Pope Pius XII tried to distinguish even at the war's end between a minority of war criminals and a docile, deluded majority of the German nation (at least 50 percent Catholic). Having moved so cautiously to aid European Jewry during the Holocaust, the holder of the Keys of St. Peter firmly stood his pious ground.

MONTY NOAM PENKOWER
New York, New York

TRB *continued from page 6*

is "haggling" over the terms under which it will accept American food for its starving people. The sticking point: Washington's insistence on knowing whether the grain actually reaches hungry people rather than Kim's gigantic army.

Another pet administration project is a four-party negotiation among the U.S., China, and the two Koreas, the purpose of which is to draw up a peace treaty formally ending the Korean War. The talks have produced nothing. But, through it all, the State Department has kept its official denunciations of the appalling political repression in North Korea to a minimum—lest such awkward truths upset the talks.

Each component of administration policy—the nuclear deal, food aid, the pursuit of the peace treaty—can be justified in isolation. The nuclear deal, for example, may have made sense as a limited effort to contain the North Korean nuclear program at a time when few countries in the region were eager for a real showdown. Food for the starving masses is noble enough. And who could be against wrapping up old conflicts? The problem is that the administration couples its blandishments with no serious threats or pressures. The U.S. approach to North Korea is all carrot and no stick. This would be bad enough if we were dealing with a rational government. But North Korea, like Cambodia during the four years of Pol Pot's reign, is not governed by rational people. The Clinton administration has nothing to show for its engagement of North Korea, because North Korea does not wish to have peace with us, or with South Korea. Kim Jong Il is concerned with his own power, not the welfare of his hungry people.

Perhaps "constructive engagement" with North Korea was worth a try. But now it is clear that the venture is a costly failure. The longer it continues—and the more U.S., Japanese, and South Korean aid flows into Pyongyang, relieving pressure on Kim to solve his people's problems himself—the more deeply the U.S. and its allies become implicated in the perpetuation of one of the most iniquitous regimes on the planet. Not long ago, President Clinton went to Africa and apologized to the people of that continent for the way the U.S. had supported corrupt and brutal dictators in the name of cold war geopolitics. Some day, another president may have to go to Asia to apologize for what Bill Clinton has done in North Korea in the name of post-cold-war geopolitics.

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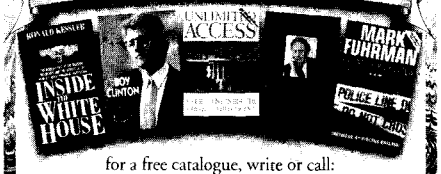

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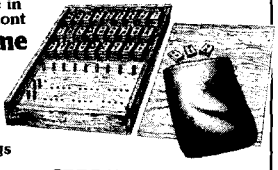

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DIASPORA DIARIST

Jubilee!

"AND YOU SHALL HALLOW THE fiftieth year ... a jubilee shall that be to you," says Leviticus. An arcane rabbinic literature has grown up about the applicability of the rules of the jubilee year in the places of exile. But one thing is clear, and it is that the jubilee occurs only when God will for the Jews' sake "remember the covenant with their forefathers" and restore them to their land. Have the biblical requirements been met for a proper jubilee? It depends on whom you ask. Still, Talmudically correct or not, this is a jubilee year. It is the fiftieth anniversary of the State of Israel, the first Jewish commonwealth since the destruction and the dispersion more than 1,900 years ago.

I WAS VERY YOUNG AT THE TIME, but I remember the founding on May 14, 1948. (Or, according to the Jewish calendar, on Iyyar 5, 5708.) I remember also the passage by the U.N. General Assembly of the Partition Plan for Palestine six months earlier, a vote fraught with mystery and fear. History throbbed in the lives of Jews in those days, even in the lives of Jewish children, but then I grew up in a Zionist home where I split the leftovers from my allowance between the March of Dimes and trees for Palestine. Yes, Palestine! It was our name then: the *Palestine Post*, the Palestine Philharmonic, the United Palestine Appeal, the Palestine Colonization Association, the Jewish Agency for Palestine.... The Arabs in the land called themselves Arabs. And none of them went to the podium to accept the state that the U.N. had granted them, while Chaim Weizmann was willing to accept a country "the size of a tablecloth."

THE DECLARATION OF MAY 14 AND Iyyar 5 was the first pronouncement of the government of the Jewish state, and it represented only what the contentious Zionist parties could agree on, nothing more. In drafting the document, the National Council rejected a proposal to stipulate that the boundaries of the country were only the ones that had been specified by the U.N. resolution of the previous November. After all, a war against the nascent country had already been launched from within and without, and this meant that, if the Jews were to win, they would be able to attach more territory to the precarious cartography of the Partition Plan. The declaration of independence also omitted the name of God, so powerful was the secularist, even anti-clerical, strain of the politics of the day. As a gesture to their pious brethren, the nonreligious assented to the metaphoric phrase "Rock of Israel" (Tsur Yisrael). The religious were pleased to have it.

BY MAY 15, THE NEWS WAS NO longer about the proclamation of statehood. It was about the war against the state. Within two weeks, the Jewish quarter of the old city of Jerusalem had surrendered to the Jordanian Arab Legion. Haifa was threatened by Syrian troops, and the Egyptian army was not far from Tel Aviv. But soon the tides would turn. Arms finally arrived, not from the United States, but from Czechoslovakia. In June, the Irgun, the ultra-nationalist militia which had fought a guerrilla war against the British and the Arabs independently of the official Zionist force, the Haganah, tried to land volunteers and valuable ammunition on the coast. The prime minister, David Ben-Gurion, instantly recognized this as a challenge to the legitimacy of the government, and he ordered his troops, commanded by a lieutenant named Yitzhak Rabin, to open fire on the Jewish ship. The ship went up in flames and sank in the Mediterranean, with 16 killed and more than 50 wounded. Now the world waits for an act of comparable moment by Yasir Arafat against Hamas and the ultras of his own Fatah movement. And waits and waits.

PERHAPS YOU'VE READ ADS PUT IN the newspapers in recent weeks asking us to remember Deir Yassin. They are not meant to be memorials. They are meant to inflame opinion against Israel. Deir Yassin was an Arab village dominating the road to Jerusalem where, a month before independence, between 120 and 200 civilians (the figures are highly disputed) were killed by the Irgun and its on-and-off ally, the Stern Gang. The Jewish Agency called the attack "barbaric," and the chief rabbinate expressed its "shame and sorrow." Ben-Gurion tried to apologize to King Abdullah, but he was rebuffed. The Haganah itself denounced the action. But this atrocity was an exception to the Jewish rule. Indeed, Deir Yassin looms so prominently in the historical memory of Palestinian Arabs because it was so unusual. And what really provoked the Palestinian Arab exodus from their towns and villages was not this awful massacre—although it was a plausible augury, for massacre is what armed Arabs had done to defenseless Jews—but the abandonment of Palestine by some 30,000 members of the local elites. Already in 1947 the Saids of Jerusalem had gone to Egypt. When the head men took their families and deserted, what were the masses to think, or to do?

ISRAELI TELEVISION, AND ISRAELI opinion generally, is examining the Palestinian tragedy as a part of this jubilee: *cheshbon ha-nefesh*, an accounting of the soul, inevitably accompanies a Jewish celebration. Some Israelis seem to think that, if they visit enough guilt on themselves, they will somehow conciliate the Arabs and persuade Israel to take ever more risks for a settlement that could further conciliate the Arabs. It won't work, though the self-lacerating candor of the attempt is itself a measure of the openness of Israeli society, of its political maturity. The only settlement that might work is one that gives the Palestinians a geographically and symbolically cohesive country while leaving the Israelis in position absolutely to deter and to interdict any Arab military action. Myself, I don't believe that the mass Arab hatred of Israel will end anytime soon, even if Israel were to retreat to a city-state in Tel Aviv. But Jews have never lived by force, let alone by force alone. Still, it is exhilarating to me that they—we—at last have the option of force. It is finally what makes this jubilee possible.

AT OUR CHARACTERISTICALLY DISputatious Passover seder a fortnight ago, an historian of modern Europe asked how the fiftieth anniversary of Israel fit into the narrative of the Exodus, especially for Jews in the diaspora. A great jurist in attendance pointed out that Justice Brandeis, who was for a time the most important Zionist in the world, had used the idea of Zion restored to establish the normalcy of our country's Jews as Americans. In a certain sense, Brandeis dissolved the issue. And the independence of Israel altered the character of Jews everywhere. We no longer lived on the sufferance of our neighbors, worrying about their view of us. We became more comfortable in our skins and in our professions and in our mores. Jews came to America a century ago and more, but our true arrival goes back only 50 years, when the Jewish people had once again their nation-state. That, too, is a jubilee, and a jubilation.

MARTIN PERETZ

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